

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

VOLUME 96 NO. 48

PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY
\$2.50 A YEAR
7 CENTS A COPY

NOVEMBER 30, 1922

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY PERRY MASON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

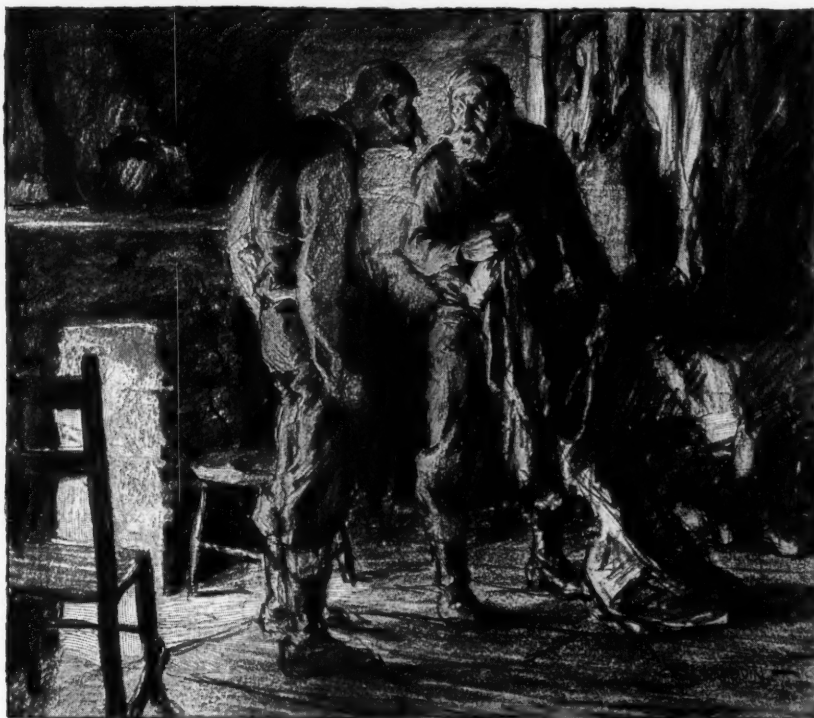
Midnight came—midnight



THERE is a strange disease that you will find in the North Woods or in fact in any lonely place where men live together too long in the same house. In vain you will look in medical books for a remedy; no doctor can tell you how to cure the disease. It is most common in the north because of the long winters that sometimes coop men together for weeks at a stretch. "Cabin fever" is the name of the malady.

Old man Bashaw and old Adler, as ill-assorted a pair as ever drifted together out of the flotsam of the north country, lived in a log house high on one of the shoulders of Whiteface. They cut cordwood and pulp wood for the paper mill twenty miles below. The cabin stood beside the "wet chute," a tight wooden trough full of water, which took their wood to the Ausable River, nine miles away. They had lived together as bachelors for several years. Summer and winter they chopped, cooked their own meals and slept most of the time when they were not working. They did not accumulate vast wealth; the price they received for their wood was small, though the money did suffice for their needs. Sometimes they had potatoes, and sometimes they had none. Venison was common on their board, but the staff of life was what they called "doughgod," just ordinary baking-powder biscuit fried on both sides in a skillet and eaten hot. After supper they always sat by the fireplace and talked. In stormy weather they hibernated, much like the small black bears that sniffed round the place every night in summer, looking for scraps.

Nothing of note had ever happened to either of the men. Each took his turn at "packing grub" up from the village every week or ten days, and



"This shanty is half mine!" he said harshly

DRAWN BY R. L. LAMBDIN

when, . . . even the cattle kneel



noise of thunder, and a veil of snow constantly wreathed the crest. Throughout the winter of silence Adler always turned his doughgods with his knife; Bashaw used the skillet for his.

Spring, summer and autumn passed, and December of the next winter saw the men still on the high shoulder of Whiteface. By that time they were more or less famous, and the curious sometimes came to see the cabin and to marvel, though whenever the men knew it in time both doors were shut. Winter had set in early, and already there was snow three feet deep. A lumber camp had started work three or four miles below, but neither man went near it; silence had become a habit, and, besides, the rough talk common in the place was distasteful to both of them.

Christmas Eve came. If either Bashaw or Adler noticed the date, he gave no sign. They sat in the firelight and looked stolidly into the flames as they had done for eighteen months past. The wind, merely a breath of sound, sighed round the eaves, and outside the snow fell in big, soft, smothering flakes that loaded the pines almost to the breaking point. Though the evening was dark, the snow made enough light to outline objects in the woods surrounding the cabin.

Adler stretched and yawned, then strolled to his window. There was nothing to see except the small pine that he had seen for years. He yawned again. Then a moving object in the timber caught his attention; it was either a man or a woman on snowshoes. As he watched the person approach the place he turned uncertainly toward the door. Was the visitor a curiosity seeker like so many others or some one really in need of shelter?

CHRISTMAS ON WHITEFACE

By Charles A. Hoyt

apparently life would go on in just the same uneventful way to the end of the chapter. Then suddenly the break came. It was a small matter, so trifling that it seems unbelievable; it was the last of a long succession of trifles that both had passed over in silence.

Old man Bashaw, sitting beside the stove, was watching Adler fry a doughgod. "If you'd take the other skillet," he said mildly, "and lay it on top of that doughgod and then jest flop her from one right onto the other, it would save breakin' of her in two when you turn her."

Old Adler straightened. "That makes about a thousand times you've said that," he remarked in a loud voice. "I don't mind hearin' of it nine hundred and ninety-nine times, but a thousand now—say, if you don't like this doughgod, don't eat it, that's all, and —"

Bashaw looked astonished; then his eyes blazed. "It's most as bad as that fool thing you tell about up in the Hudson Bay country—I mean throwin' your doughgod up through the chimney hole to cool it an' runnin' out to ketch it in your skillet! I've heard that till I can say it over backwards. That and your fool story about your pet robin too."

Without a word Adler threw the cake at Bashaw's head. It flew harmlessly past and, splitting on the corner of the cupboard, lay

steaming on the floor. They looked at it stupidly; then they looked at each other. Bashaw opened his mouth and made a strangled noise, but no words came. Adler started to collect his belongings into a ditty-bag; then he stopped. "This shanty is half mine!" he said harshly.

"Which half?" Bashaw demanded cunningly. "We both built it. You can live in it if you want to. If you don't, you can't sell it."

Much harsh talk followed, and the upshot of it was that they drew a chalk line through the centre of the room; it divided the fireplace at one end and the cupboard at the other. Adler pushed the table into the middle of the cabin and, dragging one of the benches over on his side, seated himself dourly upon it and ignored his companion as if he did not exist. Once an oft-repeated story is flaunted in a man's face in a jeering and taunting manner all of life may become gall and wormwood.

Days passed and the two men did not speak. Never very talkative, they became morosely and savagely silent. Instead of taking turns, they both went for supplies; and Adler cut a new door in his side of the house, so that he should not use another man's property.

Fall passed into winter. Snowslides roared down the east slope of Whiteface with a

Glancing at Bashaw, he noticed that the other man was watching his movements covertly.

A moment later some one knocked at the side door, and Adler opened it. A bent figure with a burden on its back staggered in. Adler stepped back so that the light could shine on the face. "Oh, it's you, is it, Mary?" he said. "I didn't know you at first. What in the world are you doing out tonight?"

Mary straightened. She was a quarter-breed from a camp of Indian basket weavers on the western slope of Whiteface, more than five miles from the cabin. As she lowered her burden Adler noticed that it was her little boy of perhaps six years. The men knew her well. Her boy was a cripple from birth; his father was a white man, a woodcutter like themselves.

"My man's been hurt," she said simply. She had been educated in the Indian schools of Canada and spoke good English. "I've got to go down below. They brought word tonight he may not last long. I thought I'd carry Harry along down, but I can't make it. May he stay here?"

"Why, sure!" said Adler heartily. "Lemme make ye a dish of hot tea before ye start."

"No!" Mary hastily bundled herself up and clumped toward the door; her snowshoes rattled on the split log floor. "I may not have time; I've got to go now."

As the door slammed behind her Adler picked the boy up and carried him to the fire. It was the work of only a moment to unbuckle him, and then he sat stolidly looking into the fire without a word. Hard conditions had taught him to make the best of whatever happened.

The two men sat down and looked moodily at the floor. The room was very quiet; only the crackling of some sticks in the fire broke the stillness. Both men were thinking of what Mary might find in the logging camp below; of the heavy toll of life and limb that the North Woods took every year. Their thoughts turned to the pathetic little figure hunched up on the puncheon stool in front of them. Orphans in Indian camps would not fare any too well these days. The white man's vices were to blame. The child stretched and yawned. "Want to go to bed, my boy?" Adler asked kindly. "If ye do, I'll fix ye up fine and dandy."

Harry nodded shyly and started to hobble to the bunk in the corner. Adler picked him up as if he were a feather and set him tenderly down on the floor beside the bunk. "Just hush off them duds and turn in as quick as ye've a mind to. Are ye hungry?"

Harry shook his head and started to undress while Adler returned to the fire.



After a few minutes Adler observed Bashaw gazing at the bunk. Turning, he saw a ragged stocking hanging on a nail on the corner post. He looked at the calendar. It was Christmas Eve! Mary had absorbed enough of the white man's religion to teach her boy to observe the Christian festival at least.

For the first time in months the two men looked squarely into each other's eyes. They did not speak but presently looked again into the fire. Every time Adler glanced up his eyes strayed round to the ragged stocking and the little boy who was trusting that Santa Claus would not forget him. Bashaw on his side of the cabin fidgeted restlessly; he was rattling some trinkets in a cigar box.

Finally Adler went to the cupboard and, keeping his back turned, found some loaf sugar. He wrapped it in a piece of newspaper and tucked it into the stocking. There was a rattle of paper across the line; Bashaw was fussing with something in the corner. Adler's eyes blazed. How was Bashaw to get his offering into the stocking without crossing the line? Then the thought of the sleeping child and of his trust in Santa Claus came to him, and his heart softened. All right, for this once Bashaw could do as he liked.

After pondering for a while, Adler hung on the nail beside the stocking a red woolen scarf that he wore Sundays. Bashaw saw the gift and, drawing a silk handkerchief from the pocket of his Sunday coat, laid it on his side of the table. Originally there had been a chalk line through the centre of the table, but now a ridge of dirt and grease showed where neither would clean it.

Adler glanced at the handkerchief and slipped his jackknife into the gaping top of the stocking. It promptly slid through a hole and rattled on the floor, and Bashaw saw it. He fished a watch chain from the cigar box and laid it on the handkerchief.

So they went on till the stocking was full and the pile on the table contained all the property that Bashaw possessed that would be likely to take the child's fancy. Then the problem was, How was Bashaw to get the stuff over the dead line without breaking the silence between them or trespassing on his neighbor's property? Adler gave no sign of what was in his mind but awaited Bashaw's next move.

They both sat long by the fire. Midnight came—midnight when, so the story runs, even the cattle kneel in their stalls in mute adoration of the Child; and still the two men sat and waited. Finally Bashaw rose and, getting the ingredients for a doughgod, set the stuff to fry on the coals.

For months Adler had seen him fry them, and now with a defiant look he waited for the second skillet and for Bashaw to flop the cake from one to the other. But after hesitating a moment Bashaw brought a knife and flopped the cake with that. The grease spilled over into the coals a little and flared up. He glanced sidewise at Adler, whose eyes seemed to be smarting with the burnt grease.

"I—" Adler began and then hesitated. "I dunno as that is a very good way to turn 'em!" he said brokenly. "If you'd use two skillets they'd come out whole!"

"Don't make no difference noway," Bashaw turned his back and fussed with his molasses jug. "Just so they come out good any way is all right to turn 'em."

Adler arose and, walking across the line, stood by the table. "That little fellow will jest naturally throw a fit when he wakes up and finds all this trollick in his stockin'."

"We'll darn both his stockin's up good and fill 'em. Let's set down and eat a snack first and then git busy." Bashaw hospitably hauled up a stool. "Set right down and I'll fry another one. Those molasses ones are as good as I've had for a long time."

They sat all night and talked. All the things that had remained unsaid for a long year poured out in a flood. First one and then the other baked a doughgod—and turned it with a knife or with two skillets just as it happened.

At daybreak they stood in the main doorway, taking a breath of fresh air. Dawn, the rosy-fingered, was touching the top of the mountain; and before them the wide stretch of snowy valley was lying spread out in a panorama the like of which few men ever see.

"It's been an awful long year," said Adler slowly. "I never want to go through another like it."

"We've both been fools," said Bashaw emphatically. "Life is too short to spend it hatin' somebody."

Hearing a movement behind them, they turned. Harry was on the floor, staring with unbelieving eyes at the two stockings neatly darned and crammed full. He sprang upon them with cries of joy and dragged his presents forth one by one. As the men turned to glance at each other, grinning, they saw Mary coming up over the trail from the valley. One look at her face told them what she had found.

"He's all right—couldn't kill him with a new axe!" she called, smiling. "Just a crack on the head with a tree limb. He's comin' home tomorrow."

"Fine!" said Adler heartily. "Come right in, and we'll bile ye some coffee and make a doughgod."

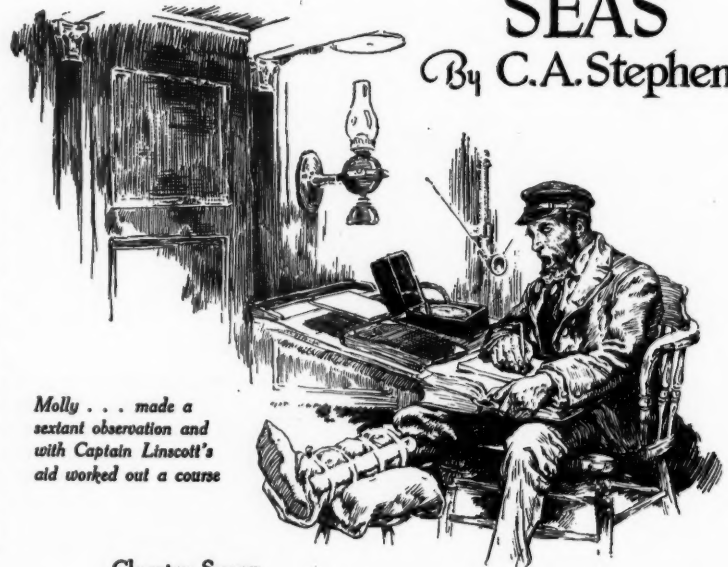
"That there old Sandy Claus, he got in some way last night an' left a lot of junk in Harry's sock," said Bashaw awkwardly. "He's sech a fat old toad I didn't s'pose he could make it down the chimney, but he did."

Mary stood in the doorway and looked at Harry's beaming face and at the motley array of gifts spread out on the floor. She was only a quarter-breed, and the stoicism of the red blood in her veins slid from her like a mantle that is cast aside. Rushing upon the two awkward, grinning men, she planted a kiss wherever it happened to strike on their fiery-red faces; then she sank to her knees with her boy in her arms, to laugh and cry over each present.

Stepping outside, Adler and Bashaw softly closed the door behind them.

A LITTLE HEROINE OF THE SEAS

By C.A. Stephens



Molly . . . made a sextant observation and with Captain Linscott's aid worked out a course

Chapter Seven Voyaging down the Pacific

THE bark that Molly and the others had sighted proved to be the *Proserpine* of San Francisco, Israel Whitehouse captain, bound for the Arctic whaling grounds. She was the only whaler to go north of Cape Lisburne that season.

Seeing the flag on the *Norcross* at half-mast and astonished to hear a girl hailing, Captain Whitehouse hove to, ordered a boat down and, rough as the sea was, came alongside under the brig's lee and prepared to go aboard. "This is the *Norcross*!" he exclaimed. "Why, we heard that the *Norcross* had been abandoned in the Arctic last year and that Captain Linscott and his niece had perished up here! His wife came home in the *Winona*."

"I am Captain Linscott's niece," Molly replied. "My uncle is below with a broken leg."

Captain Whitehouse glanced about the deck. "Who is navigating?" he asked. "I am trying to," Molly said quietly. "But what's your crew?" the captain inquired with a sharp look at the natives forward.

"Just what you see, captain," replied Molly. "Three whites and five natives." Captain Whitehouse whistled and glanced at her in amazement not unmixed with admiration. "Well, you're a brave one!" he exclaimed.

All the while Captain Linscott below was asking questions through his speaking tube. Why had they come to? Whom were they hailing? In response to his request Molly immediately conducted Captain Whitehouse down to him.

The two captains knew each other by sight and by reputation. Their greeting was as hearty and sympathetic as you would look for between men exposed to the perils of so dangerous a profession as seafaring. Captain Whitehouse was able to assure Captain Linscott of the safe arrival of his wife in San Francisco; and he told him also of the accident to Sanders, the mate.

The *Proserpine* carried a crew of thirty-two sailors and whalers, every one of whom Captain Whitehouse needed aboard the bark; but he was fully aware of the necessitous circumstances that the *Norcross* was in and so offered to spare three of his crew, if they would volunteer and if Captain Linscott would pay them their wages for the season's voyage. But as the brig was so short-handed the seamen from the whaler's crew were backward about volunteering, and Captain Linscott had to offer a bonus. Finally two brothers, Sim and Tim Martin, originally from New Bedford, offered to transfer; and then a Kanaka, who was known among his shipmates as "Lanky," said that he also was willing. Captain Whitehouse thought that the *Norcross* might fall in with one or more trading craft in

Kotzebue Sound and perhaps could hire more sailors from those vessels.

Besides giving the three sailors Captain Whitehouse gave a dozen cabbages and a box of lemons—a most welcome gift indeed after the too protracted diet of canned stores and salted meats. Already the elder Wallace was suffering from lack of fresh vegetables; some of his symptoms were those of that most dreaded disease of mariners in the far north, scurvy. He was still quite unable to take a step or to bear his weight on his feet.

The next day, after parting with the *Proserpine*, the *Norcross* came to anchor off the Kikitaruk region and Hotham Inlet, in Kotzebue Sound. The Kobuk River enters Hotham Inlet, and already the locality was swarming with three thousand or more natives, who had come for the salmon fishing.

Joe Snooks, Talluk, Tarsuk and the other Huskies were now clamorously eager to go ashore. With Hartley's aid Molly paid them off according to agreement, and within an hour they had gone; they scarcely stopped to say good-by.

On the following day Hartley, who was rambling about among the fishing parties on shore, picked up an Aleutian islander who had come on a trading schooner. The fellow said that he had served on the coast-patrol cruiser *Bear* and that his name was Gosgo. Hartley hired him at once for the *Norcross*, and he proved to be a very good seaman. Hartley also secured a huge string of hump-backed salmon—all that he could fetch aboard. After Sam had boiled and fried them even the invalids said that they were delicious.

While the *Norcross* was at anchor the crew were able to refill the fresh-water barrels. And on the following morning the *Norcross* left Kotzebue Sound and, doubling Cape Espenberg, entered Bering Strait. The same evening they passed the Diomed Islands on the starboard quarter. Several times they saw lofty Cape Prince of Wales towering high in the mists, and if the sky had been clear they would have been able to see East Cape, the most easterly point of Asia, for between the two points the strait is only thirty-nine miles wide. Unfortunately, however, there was much low-lying fog, and it thickened as they entered Bering Sea. Then before long they began to encounter patches of slush and small pieces of floating ice. During the following night the wind blew hard; the mist was thick, and the scud flew low on the sea.

Thus far Molly had been sailing mostly by landfall; now she had to trust to course sailing by compass. But, quite unsuspected even by Captain Linscott, the *Norcross*'s compasses had somehow gone wrong during the winter. Just what the trouble was is not clear, but it is said that in the far north the compass varies considerably according to the direction of prevailing winds.

About noon Molly caught a few glimpses of the sun, made a sextant observation and with Captain Linscott's aid worked out a course that they believed would take them safely and widely past the east cape of St. Lawrence Island—that large, long island which half spans the upper part of Bering



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE VARIAN

Sea. Since hiring the seamen from the Prosperpine, Molly had been able to set more sail; and, with half a gale blowing from the north, the old brig was sousing along in the fog and rain at a good rate.

Suddenly through a rift in the mists the lookout forward, who happened to be the dependable Dills, saw to his horror the dim outline of a lofty cliff directly ahead! "Breakers dead ahead!" he shouted.

Molly had gone below in response to a call from Captain Linscott. Hartley was in the galley, giving Sam instructions for the preparation of the elder Wallace's food. Fortunately, Tim Martin was at the wheel. Instantly, without waiting for orders, he set the helm hard over and shouted, "Luff! Luff!"

The old brig came up into the wind with a rush and barely scraped by a number of foaming reefs that extend out from the cliffs at the east end of St. Lawrence Island.

Then for the first time Molly and the captain began to distrust the compass; they did not know what to think. "For two days," to quote from the log book, "we went blundering down Bering Sea, not knowing whether we would bring up on St. Matthew Island or Nunivak. Dills said, 'That 'ere compass is sick; it's got the jimjams!'"

Finally the weather cleared a little, and they caught the sun's altitude at noon according to Captain Linscott's chronometer and worked out their position roughly as latitude 60° 20' north; longitude 174° 30' west. According to those calculations they were much farther west than they had supposed. Molly was perplexed, and Captain Linscott was quite unable to explain. "We shall make Yokohama instead of San Francisco, on this course!" he exclaimed.

To add to their perplexities another storm came on and increased into by far the worst gale they had yet encountered. They shortened sail, but even so the old brig labored so heavily that some oil barrels broke loose from the tiers below and went tumbling from one end of the hold to the other. Short-handed as Molly was, she needed every man on deck. To secure the truant barrels was impossible; and more broke loose with every violent plunge of the vessel until no one dared to venture into the hold. Captain Linscott's anxiety as he lay there helpless on his back is easy to imagine, and the sufferings of the elder Wallace of course were even more acute. All through one terrible night the brig labored onward, hammered inside and outside. The captain expected nothing less than that the shifting barrels would batter the hull open.

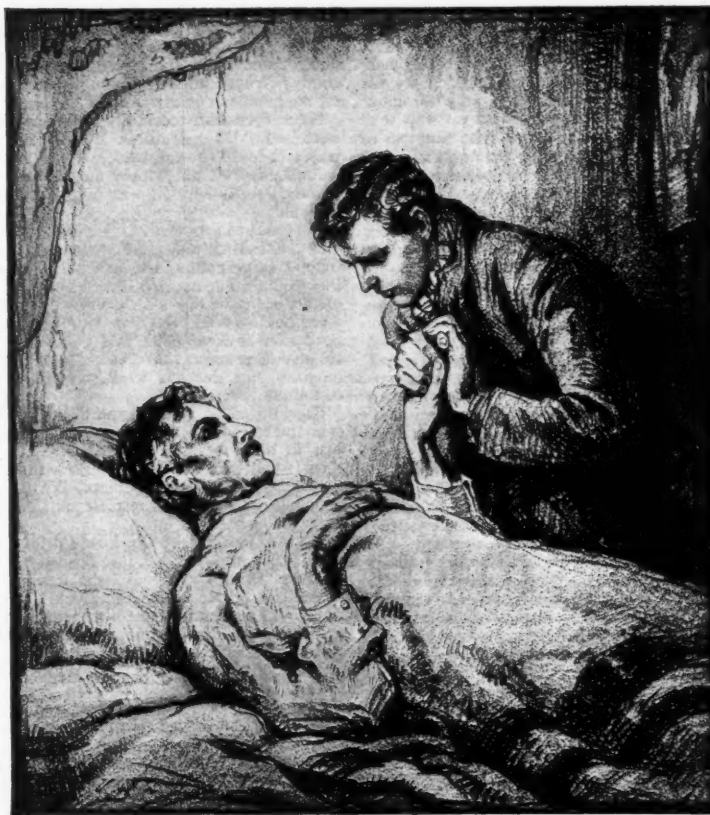
The gale finally abated, and to the thankful surprise of both skipper and crew the old brig was still afloat. There were slight leaks along the bends forward, but none of them seemed to be serious. Hartley and Dills and Gosgo spent one entire day in finding the leaks and staving the loose barrels.

The weather was still cloudy, and for three days those aboard the Norcross were unable to catch sight of the sun. They had sighted mountainous land to southward and assumed that it was one of the Aleutian Islands. The supposition, however, even if it were true, aided little in determining where they were, for the Aleutian chain of islets extends from Alaska far over toward Asia. Though Gosgo was a native of the island of Akutan, he could not even guess which one of the many islands of the chain they were approaching. Apparently the land was uninhabited.

At last they passed to eastward of the island and entered a channel that opens between it and another low-lying island. There Dills threw the lead at frequent intervals; since there was plenty of water, the brig passed through the opening and emerged on the open Pacific. From facts that came to light later Molly and the captain concluded that the channel that they had threaded was the one between the islands of Atka and Amli and therefore that they were a long way off their proper course. Molly had expected to pass through the Aleutian chain by the well-known Onimik Pass, the usual gateway for whalers, steamers and other craft bound north from San Francisco and other American ports.

A tragic event immediately took their attention and saddened all their hearts. On the night after the Norcross had passed the Aleutian Islands, Hartley, who was in the habit of catching naps whenever he could on the cot near his father's, had been asleep for a few minutes when his father roused him and asked for a drink of water. Hartley went and fetched a cup, and after Mr. Wallace had drunk the water he inquired whether the weather had cleared sufficiently to make an observation and determine the position of the vessel.

"Not yet," Hartley replied, "but we hope to make an observation soon."



Mr. Wallace did not reply or speak again for some moments

"Is Miss Linscott still navigating the vessel?" his father asked.

"Oh, yes, and doing fine," said Hartley.

"She is a wonderful girl," his father remarked. "She will get you safe to San Francisco, I hope."

"She'll get us all there safe, I don't doubt," Hartley replied confidently. "And then, dad, we will have your feet fixed up. There are good doctors there in Frisco."

Mr. Wallace did not reply or speak again for some moments. At last he said, "If anything happens to me, Hartley, you know what I want done about your mother and sisters."

"Yes, dad; but bear up. Take heart. You will come out of this all right when we reach San Francisco."

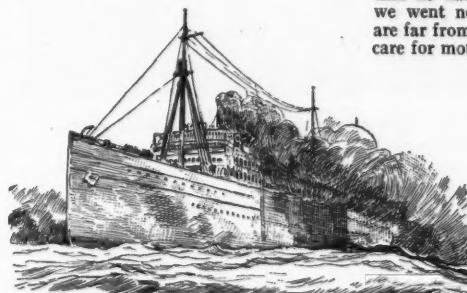
"Maybe," his father said wearily. "But I'm a pretty sick man, my boy."

"I know, dad; I know you are having a hard time. But bear up; keep your courage all you can."

"Yes," the older man replied slowly and seemed to fall asleep.

Hartley himself slept for perhaps an hour; then he waked and went hastily on deck. As he left the cabin he noticed that his father was breathing heavily; he appeared to be asleep. Hartley took Molly's place on deck and did not go down to his father's cot again for two hours or more. When he did so he carried a bowl of porridge from the galley. Mr. Wallace did not stir when Hartley spoke to him. Then to his consternation Hartley found that his father was not breathing and that he had become cold. He had died alone there while his son was on deck.

The realization came as a great shock to the young man. For a moment, grief and poignant regrets overcame him. Tears rushed to his eyes; he dropped to his knees by the cot and buried his face beside the face that now was so strangely quiet on the pillow.



The Empress of India slowed her engines, . . . and then stopped

"You will have your share of our salvage—if we can save it," said Molly.

"But I hardly feel that I am entitled to anything," said Hartley. "We were merely refugees on the Norcross—thankful ones too!"

"But you worked with us to save the bone and oil," Molly replied. "My Uncle John is a just man. He means that you shall have a fair share with us if we can make our port and save the stuff."

Few incidents of human life are more sorrowful than death and burial at sea, when the heavy-shotted hammock shroud of a dear friend "drops in his vast and wandering grave," and the waters close over the loved form, and the ship sails on and leaves the dear one behind forever. The death of the elder Wallace was unusually pathetic. The little group on the old brig had become much endeared of one another—a natural enough relation, after having passed together through the long, dark winter of the Arctic, where the bleak, elemental forces were so grim and gigantic and human life seems so trivial. The long evenings that they had spent in reading, the arduous labors that they had shared, and the many dangers that they had faced together, all had served to foster an unusually strong bond of friendship. The body of the dead engineer was consigned to the sea on the second day after he died. Captain Linscott would have read the burial service, but as he was still unable to leave his chair Molly read it in his place, though tears so blinded her that she was obliged to pause more than once. Poor Hartley was the only mourner to stand beside the grating that served as his father's bier. When Molly had finished reading, Sam struck the ship's bell three times, and Dills, assisted by the Aleutian sailor, slid the shrouded body over the side. They had done all that they could.

On the 21st of August the lookout sighted the smoke of a steamer far down on the southern horizon. Two days later a deeply laden bark flying no ensign passed within easy hail; but it was a Japanese craft, and there was no one aboard who spoke English. At Molly's suggestion Hartley tried to get the vessel's position from them. Finally, by pointing to the heavens and holding up the sextant, he made them understand. Then with many smiles the Japanese skipper came to the rail and displayed a board on which in Arabic numerals he had marked the latitude and longitude. As nearly as Molly could distinguish the writing it was 46° 50' north; 162° 20' west.

The figures only added to her perplexity, however, since the position that they indicated was a long way west of where she supposed they were. Captain Linscott had little confidence in the accuracy of the figures; yet the position of the Norcross as determined by solar observations and chronometer was not much different from the position that the Japanese had given. At a venture Molly and the captain altered the course two points.

The same day there was another cause for anxiety. No one had paid much attention to the slight leaks that had occurred during the heavy gale when the oil barrels broke loose. But now Hartley found that there was considerable more water below than ordinarily collects in the bilge of a ship. "Looks as if we were slowly sinking," he said to Captain Linscott and Molly.

Though the captain was not so much alarmed as Hartley he decided that they must all watch the water in the bilge. After that some one measured it every day, and by Hartley's reckoning it became deeper by one inch every twenty-four hours. At last they

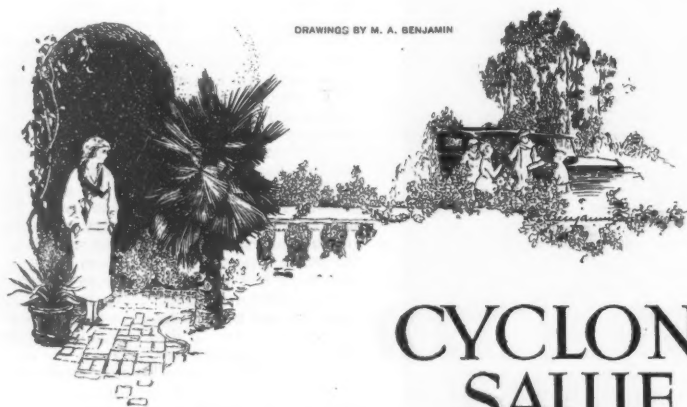


rigged the pump, but they were too short-handed to work ship and at the same time do much pumping.

Fine weather with northerly winds now prevailed, and the Norcross sailed on uneventfully for five days more. On August 28 the lookout sighted another steamship; it was approaching from the west. As the sea was calm, Molly determined to communicate with the vessel and learn their true position. Accordingly she ordered the brig hove to, the

flag set at half-mast again, and the boat lowered. The steamer proved to be the Empress of India, bound home to Vancouver from Asiatic ports. It was a large passenger steamship carrying the mails, and hence her captain was in no humor to stop for long; but maritime law requires that no ship shall pass a distress signal at sea. The Empress of India slowed her engines, then reversed and stopped, and her passengers flocked to the rail.

TO BE CONCLUDED.



CYCLONE SALLIE

By
Eveline Nutter

SALLIE was fifteen years old and homely. Anyone who is fifteen or who ever was fifteen will understand how she felt. Without glancing at the mirror, she brushed her red hair with swift, hard strokes and then braided and tied the ribbon with a jerk. She put on a fresh linen suit and was arranging her black tie in a carefully careless knot when the door opened, and her sister danced into her room.

"All ready, Sallie?" she asked. "Do I look all right? Oh, I do hope Aunt Alice will like me!"

"O Dorothy," groaned Sallie, "of course you look perfectly peachy! I do believe you wore that pink on purpose to make me look more hideous by contrast."

Dorothy laughed good-naturedly. She was taller than Sallie and was unusually pretty. "Come into my room and put some powder on your nose," she suggested. "I love you in that white and black; you look so cool."

"I look as ugly as anyone can, Dorothy Green, and you know it!" Slamming the door behind her, Sallie stamped out of the room only to run into her little brother Ted.

Seeing her flaming cheeks and grim mouth, he cried, "Hello, Cyclone Sallie! Can't you give a fellow time to hide in the cellar?"

Sallie swept past him with her nose in the air and walked majestically downstairs.

By the banister route Ted reached the foot of the stairs before she did. "Rally, dally, Cyclone Sallie," he jeered, grinning up at her.

But his mother, calling from the veranda, cut his mocking short: "Ted! Sallie! Here they come."

In another minute an automobile swung into the driveway, and Ted and Sallie forgot each other in their eagerness to see their Aunt Alice. For hadn't Aunt Alice traveled all over the world? Hadn't she written the most thrilling accounts of the things she had seen? And now at last she had found time to make a flying visit to the California branch of the Green family. She had planned to stay exactly one week. Always there had been lovely gifts from Aunt Alice at Christmas and on birthdays—surprise gifts from strange lands. She had always seemed a delightful sort of fairy godmother.

And here she was at last, springing out of the car before Mr. Green had a chance to help her. As she hurried up the path Sallie's heart sank, and she hung back behind the others. For Aunt Alice was very beautiful. She was almost as tall as Sallie's father, and her complexion was as clear and rosy as Ted's. Sallie had secretly hoped that she might be a trifle sallow or angular.

Sallie was the last one that Aunt Alice greeted. Her aunt kissed her and then held her at arm's length and gazed at her; Aunt Alice's brown eyes were glowing softly. Sallie returned her look a bit defiantly.

"Why didn't anyone ever tell me, Tom," Aunt Alice cried to Sallie's father, "that she is my little-girl self of twenty-five years ago?" Sallie gasped.

"For fourteen years," Mr. Green replied, "I have been saving this moment as a surprise for you, Alice. Before Sallie could even walk her mother and I saw the resemblance."

Sallie was dazed, and as soon as she could

she stole away to examine her reflection in the mirror. No, they were all mistaken! There were the same too heavy black eyebrows drawn together in a frown, the same freckled nose and the same large mouth. To be sure, her hair and eyes were almost the color of Aunt Alice's, but there was this plain difference: Aunt Alice was beautiful, and she was ugly!

"Sallie! Cyclone Sallie!" called Ted from the doorway. "Mother wants you to help her put supper on the table."

"Cyclone Sallie!" The name suited her; much as she despised it, she knew that it did. She whirled and caught Ted firmly by the shoulders and shook him hard. One thing was certain, Aunt Alice must not hear that name. It was entirely too descriptive. "Ted," she

she always kept her word; there was no trouble about that, and the racket was a beauty.

"But say," Ted asked, "are you going to make Aunt Alice think you are a goody-goody? What's the use? You're sure to fly off the handle. You always do!"

Sallie eyed him scornfully, but her cheeks were red. "Do you think I can't act any way I choose—for one week? Watch me!"

As she helped put supper on the table she hummed softly—which was not in the least like Sallie.

By the time supper was over Sallie realized that Aunt Alice was more wonderful by far than a fairy godmother, and she was sure that to gain her approval would be worth a mighty struggle. She wished vaguely that she were not only as pretty as Dorothy but as gentle and lovable. Sallie was too honest not to give her sister full credit for her good qualities. For this one week she determined to imitate them.

She insisted on washing the dishes by herself, and she joined the group on the veranda just in time to hear Aunt Alice say, "And then I shall take one of you girls with me to Los Angeles for a week perhaps. We'll spend a couple of days at Long Beach. Do you swim, Sallie?"

"I swim like a fish! Oh, how I'd love it!" cried Sallie, and then her face flushed a painful red. "One of the girls," she repeated to herself. Of course Aunt Alice would choose Dorothy. And it was rude to be fairly begging to be the one. Sallie thought quickly. "But Dorothy," she continued at once, "has the prettiest blue bathing suit; it deserves a trip to the beach."

Then Sallie gave her sister such a radiant smile that Ted giggled. He had remembered Sallie's advice that he watch her.

During the days that followed it was a strange, subdued Sallie that smilingly rose each morning and went about the house, acting so sweet and thoughtful that Dorothy's accustomed gentleness was almost unnoticeable. She had out-Dorothied Dorothy!

"What's the matter with you, Sallie?" her father asked one evening as she came out on the porch. "You've been so quiet lately I hardly know you."

"I think," said her mother, "she's not been out of doors enough. You see she's insisted on helping me so much with the work—so I'd have a chance to visit more with Alice."

"Good girl," said her father. Then he noticed her racket. "Going to play tennis?"

"Sallie," shouted Ted, rushing into the yard, "let me take your racket tonight? The week's half up anyway."

Sallie was frightened. What would Ted say

anyway." She laughed. "Come on, Dorothy, let's go down to the library."

That evening Aunt Alice told of her decision. She wanted to take Sallie with her.

After Sallie had gone to bed she lay for a long time, looking out at the stars. In the next room she could hear Dorothy moving about restlessly. How disappointed she must feel. Once Sallie thought she heard a muffled sob. "Well," she said to herself, "I earned this trip. Certainly I never worked so hard for anything before."

Yet she didn't feel quite so joyful as she had expected. If Dorothy had only acted a little spiteful! But instead she had seemed almost pleased and had offered to let Sallie take the blue bathing suit. Was it hard like this all the time for Dorothy to act nice? All at once the truth flashed upon Sallie, and she sat up very straight. Dorothy didn't merely act nice; she was nice! And she, Cyclone Sallie, who had always prided herself on her honesty, was taking a reward for being a hypocrite!

There was one day left. Could she do it? Could she stop acting and let Aunt Alice see what she really was? It would be hard, harder even than it had been to act so sweet and kind, but she would do it. She must if she were going to keep her self-respect.

Before six o'clock Dorothy was vaguely aware that Sallie was up and moving round. She heard the bathroom door slam and heard Sallie whistling a little off key while she splashed in her cold bath. A few minutes later she heard a shriek from Ted's room: "Ouch—help—ow! Sallie, you quit!"

"Get up then, cry-baby!" came Sallie's jubilant voice. "I've saved you the trouble of bathing, haven't I?"

Then came sounds of a scuffle, more slamming of doors and then an ominous silence.

Sallie never did anything by halves. Firm in her determination to reveal her real self to Aunt Alice, she had resolved to be more fiery, to give way to more "tantrums" than ever before, to make up for her ladylike, though very un-Sallielike, attempt of the preceding days. But never did a youth who had resolved on a career of crime meet with such disheartening obstacles. In the first place it seemed that no one would do the slightest thing to provoke her temper. In the second place she felt so ashamed of her hypocrisy, as she called it, that she almost thought of the rest of her family as saints. Still the Cyclone Sallie that Aunt Alice must see always lost her temper, and an exhibition she must give.

Just before noon when her mother came downstairs with an armload of Sallie's clothes Sallie saw her chance.

"Sallie," said her mother, "I'm going to look over your clothes and see that all the buttons are on and that everything is ready for your trip. If you'll try on this green gingham—I think perhaps I ought to let down the hem."

Sallie took her time about answering. The thought of Aunt Alice's horror and of her mother's shame at what was about to happen filled her with despair—but she had to do it.

"It's a pity," she replied, taking up the green dress and scowling at it, "that I never have a decent rag. You see," she went on, turning to Aunt Alice, "Dorothy, being the beauty of the family, has all the pretty clothes."

"Why, Sallie!"

"And of course," Sallie continued implacably, "our lovely Dorothy gives them to me after the new is worn off. This gingham was hers last year." She slipped the dress over her head. "Mother," she complained, "I had hoped that you'd buy me something decent to wear on the train, but sweet Dorothy says my old tan suit is 'quite the thing.'" She mimicked Dorothy's voice and shrugged her shoulders in a disagreeable way.

"It looks very well, dear," said her mother soothingly. "You might rip this hem out, Sallie, and after lunch—"

"Don't 'dear' me!" cried Sallie. "I'll do no such thing!"

Snatching the dress off, she flung it on the floor and stamped on it. "I'll not go to Los Angeles looking like an old rag doll! I'll not go! If Aunt Alice had chosen to take Dorothy or Ted, there'd have been a different tune."

Just then Sallie caught sight of Ted; he was standing in the doorway and was gazing at her in horrified amazement.

"Well, you poor angel-face," she snapped, "why are you staring at me like that—you—your young idiot!"

"Sallie, you may go to your room," said her mother sternly.

Sallie went out and banged the door behind her.

No one called her to luncheon, but after a long time her mother came with a dainty tray and rapped at her door.



"It's a pity," she replied, taking up the green dress and scowling at it, "that I never have a decent rag."

pleaded, "Ted, if you won't say Cyclone Sallie again for a whole week you may have my—tennis racket."

"For keeps?"

"Yes, that's what I meant. But not till the week is gone and you've held your tongue!"

"All right, Cy—I mean Sallie." Ted knew

next? Her eyes flashed threateningly, but she tossed the racket to him.

"See here, Ted," said her father, looking in amazement at Sallie, "your sister intended to play."

But Sallie shook her head. "Let him have it. He's buying it on the installment plan

"Who is it?" asked Sallie in a very little voice and then sprang to open the door. "O mother," she said apologetically, looking at the tempting lettuce salad, the creamy milk and the substantial ham sandwiches.

Her mother set the tray on the table by the window and began to talk as if nothing unusual had happened. "I thought you might be hungry. And, Sallie, Dorothy says that at the stores they have marked down their spring suits. You and I will go right down and if—"

"But, mother," Sallie interrupted her, "my clothes are good enough."

"But, Sallie—" her mother began.

"Oh, I'll have to explain the whole thing. When I saw Aunt Alice I decided to make her think I was good and dear like Dorothy, and then when she chose me I saw what an awful hypocrite I'd been—just as if I'd sneaked into a baby show and taken a prize. So I thought I'd have to let Aunt Alice see how cranky I am. And now she can take Dorothy. I'm glad it's over with."

"But, Sallie," her mother assured her, "I don't think you were a hypocrite just because you controlled your temper. How hard it must have been for you, child! I don't think it will ever be so hard as that again. I am proud of you for doing it."

"Why, mother, I don't believe you understand yet. I was just acting."

"It was more than acting, Sallie; it was thinking. Besides, do you know why Aunt Alice chose you? Because Dorothy told her it was your turn. You know she went last summer."

"Oh," said Sallie, "that settles it. Dorothy will have to go, for I shall not!"

"But, Sallie," remonstrated her mother, "how will Dorothy feel after you were chosen?"

Sallie grinned. "I'll ask her," she said as she dashed out of the room. "Dorothee!" she shouted, clattering down the stairs. "Dorothee!"

When Sallie came back a few minutes later she made a swift attack on the tray. "We'll pack up some things, both of us, in your bag. May we? And at the last minute we'll draw straws."

Her mother looked a trifle worried. "Dorothee agrees?" she asked.

"We agree absolutely," Sallie reached for another sandwich. "I'll tell Aunt Alice right now." Balancing the tray perilously on the tips of three fingers, she left the room, and her mother drew a sigh of relief.

Thursday, the day that Aunt Alice had set for her departure, began early for the Greens. Both Sallie and Dorothy were too much excited to sleep after daylight. Their father announced at the breakfast table that he wanted to take Aunt Alice for one more drive and promised to have her back in good time for the train. He asked their mother and Ted to go also. Dorothy and Sallie giggled a good deal and then disappeared upstairs.

When father stopped for them on the way to the station they were at the gate, waiting with their mother's beautiful bag. Even at the station, while their father went with Aunt Alice to buy the tickets, the girls had not yet drawn straws. So their mother had to give her final instructions to both of them, and when it was almost time for the train to go, and Aunt Alice was on the platform, they said good-by.

At last the conductor called, "All aboard!" Then their father fairly picked their mother up and swung her on the train. "You're the one who is going!" he exclaimed.

"We packed your things for you," cried Sallie exultantly.

"And my blue bathing suit will fit you perfectly," called Dorothy. "And we will draw straws—to find who has to do the cooking!"

"Oh, no," cried mother, "I can't go. I must not!"

But Aunt Alice held her firmly by the arm. "Oh, but you must," she said. "It was all Sallie's idea, and she worked like a—like a cyclone to manage everything."

The train was moving.

Ted stood looking at Sallie in amazement, but in his heart there was sudden admiration for his sister. He knew how she had longed for the trip. "Cyclone Sallie!" he cried. "Did you hear her? Aunt Alice all but called you that herself."

"I keep my racket," replied Sallie. "The week isn't up till four o'clock."

Ted made a face and groaned but to himself he said, "Sallie is not the only one who can be decent!"

Sallie laughed; perhaps she understood, but she knew better than to say so. Her eyes were shining. Her lips were very red and smiling as she waved to her mother.

"Why, Sallie," said Ted, "you're almost good-looking!"

THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN

By Wilbur C. Abbott



IN the extreme southwestern corner of Germany just north of Switzerland lies the old German duchy of Suabia with its famous Black Forest. There not far from the headwaters of the Rhine the Danube takes its rise; and there also many of the great ruling families of Germany began their long careers. Toward the north is the castle of Hohenstaufen; at the south is the castle of Hapsburg. Midway between them some time in the Middle Ages another great German family built a stronghold commanding the roads through the high valleys that lead up to Switzerland. It was known as Hohenzollern—the High Tolls—and from it after the fashion of their time its masters levied tribute upon the traders who made their way between Italy and Germany. There for some generations they lived undistinguished from their fellows.

But some time about the year 1170—the year in which Thomas à Becket was murdered in England and about the time Saladin, the great antagonist of Richard I, became Sultan of Egypt—a certain younger son of the house of Hohenzollern, Conrad by name, finding no prospect of bettering his condition at home, set out to serve with the great German emperor, the Hohenstaufen Frederick I, Barbarossa, he of the red beard, famous in history and legend. Conrad found favor with the emperor. He found still more favor with a lady of the court, the heiress of the house of Voburg, whom he married; and through her family's claims to the burgraviate, or city countship, of Nuremberg, which was one of the chief commercial centres of Germany, he became the ruler of traders upon whom his family had long levied tolls at Hohenzollern. Thus he founded the fortunes of his house; for the burgraves of Nuremberg were by their office princes of the empire; and Conrad's daughter married her cousin Frederick II of the older Hohenzollern line and so kept the inheritance in the family.

That was the first step in the progress of the Hohenzollerns, who thenceforth played a considerable part in German affairs. They extended their lands and influence in the region round them, and fifty years later another Conrad became the guardian of the son of the Emperor Frederick II. Conrad's son Frederick married Elizabeth, the sister of the Duke of Meran, and on the death of that prince acquired as his share of the Meran inheritance Bayreuth and some adjacent fiefs. It was this Frederick who brought about the election of his uncle, Rudolf of Hapsburg, to the imperial throne; and it was his son, Frederick IV, who, fighting first for Albert of Hapsburg and helping to make him emperor, went over, on Albert's death, to Ludwig of Bavaria and assisted him to defeat Frederick of Hapsburg—an act that caused him to be called "the savior of the empire."

That was not his only reward; he received substantial compensation and was enabled to buy the territory of Ansbach, which adjoined Nuremberg. His son bought two other territories—Culmbach and Plauen—and got the privilege of seizing such robber fortresses as he could and of holding them as fiefs of the empire. In such fashion during the fourteenth century the Hohenzollerns built up a little principality of two parts—the one adjacent to Nuremberg, the other farther south. It was long and narrow, and curved from their ancestral castle till it crossed the Rhine in one direction and the Danube in the other—large, if disjointed,

lands in the very heart of Germany. Those territories they ruled with shrewdness and ability. They were a thrifty race, as their ability to purchase land shows; and they had gained their position not only by ability and thrift and marriage but by political skill that was of great service considering the disturbed condition of Germany during the Middle Ages.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century those qualities met with a still greater reward. Frederick of Hohenzollern contributed much to the election of the Emperor Sigismund; he contributed more to his support, and Sigismund was not ungrateful. He needed men like Frederick, for it had fallen to his lot to repress the followers of John Huss and the Hussite heresy in Bohemia. He had taken upon himself the settlement of the great schism of the church, which for the greater part of a century had divided Catholic Europe into the adherents of two and sometimes three popes. And in 1415, when the Council of Constance was held to put an end to the scandal of the church and to provide a new basis for the allegiance of the faithful, among the various results of that great conference was the bestowal of a new dignity on the house of Hohenzollern. Frederick of Nuremberg was invested with the mark of Brandenburg and with the title of elector—which meant that he was one of the seven men who chose the emperor—and was created arch-chamberlain of the empire. With that circumstance the Hohenzollern dynasty entered on a new and more important stage of its career.

THE ACQUISITION OF PRUSSIA

The mark of Brandenburg lay in what was then the extreme northeastern corner of Germany. The Wends, one of the many heathen tribes that lived in the Baltic lands and along the eastern border of Germany, had originally inhabited it; but as the German people began to expand during the Middle Ages they set up on their eastern border what were known as "marks," or marches, to protect themselves from the barbarians. The mark of the Billungs was on the north; the North Mark was just south of it; and the East Mark and the mark of Thuringia were still farther south; the Bavarian East Mark, which became the duchy of Austria, was farthest south of all. The marks of Carinthia, of Carniola and of Istria, which had come into the hands of the house of Hapsburg, completed a long chain of border states, which were granted to various leaders with the privilege of holding all the land that they could conquer. Little by little as the adjoining lands were subdued and colonized they were added to the empire.

Among them was the mark of Brandenburg, the so-called Middle Mark, which had been granted to a Thuringian family of the house of Ballenstedt. Its greatest figure had been a certain Albert the Bear, who had finally subdued the Wends and had added their territory to the lands that owned the authority of the empire. He had died at almost precisely the same moment that Conrad of Hohenzollern had set out on his adventure that led his family to Albert's inheritance; and when the house of Ballenstedt became extinct that important outpost of the empire, the mark of Brandenburg, which had passed through various hands, was finally granted or, as some ill-natured people suggest, sold to the house of Hohenzollern.

It was a great acquisition for them not only in itself but because of its possibilities of expansion. But at first it had a curious result. Like most other German houses, the Hohenzollerns possessed extraordinarily divided territories—Hohenzollern proper, Nuremberg and now Brandenburg, widely separated from one another and not always continuous even in themselves. And it was truly said of the great state that they came to rule in later years that, whereas most states began with a centre or core and expanded outward, Prussia began with frontiers and filled them in. For that method of expansion the whole history of the Hohenzollern family had prepared them, and with the acquisition of Brandenburg they continued it on a much greater scale. For the time being, however,

the first result was to divide the family into two branches, that of Franconia and that of Brandenburg. The successive partition of its lands among the children according to the older German custom weakened the Franconian branch; its territories, increasing somewhat through the years, fell partly into the hands of the Brandenburg branch and partly into the hands of its own three main divisions until by the middle of the nineteenth century all except one division had disappeared.

The great fortunes of the family lay with the Brandenburg branch. Unlike their kinsmen, the heads of it did not divide their lands among their children but adopted the law of primogeniture, which gave the whole to the eldest son and so preserved the lands intact. By war and especially by marriage they increased their inheritance, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century an extraordinary circumstance gave them a substantial addition to their territory.

It happened that some three hundred years before, at the same time that the Hohenzollerns were becoming burgraves of Nuremberg, a crusading order known as the Teutonic Knights had been founded after the fashion of the time. At first it was confined to Palestine and the wars against the Saracens; but early in the thirteenth century a band of the knights moved to a region then outside Germany, known as Prussia, which heathen peoples like the Wends then occupied, and in conjunction with similar orders—especially the Knights of the Sword and the like—conquered the district.

Those orders gradually declined in numbers and especially in purpose; and when the Reformation came the Order of the Teutonic Knights took advantage of the situation to become secularized and to divide their lands among themselves. It happened that at that time, 1525, the grand master was a Hohenzollern, so that when he died without issue the Prussian territory that he had possessed reverted to the Brandenburg branch. Thus in that curious fashion the house of Hohenzollern became possessed of the territory from which it later took its title and with which it has become identified.

But with another detached territory their position had its dangers and its difficulties. The Prussian lands were held as fiefs of the King of Poland, who desired to possess them himself. Between Poland and the rising power of Sweden under the house of Vasa there was great rivalry; and between Sweden and Poland lay most of the territories of the house of Hohenzollern. Thus during the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries the rulers of Brandenburg and Prussia were forced to walk warily. It was their great ambition to throw off the Polish yoke and to extend their possessions to the sea, from which Mecklenburg and Pomerania cut them off. But they were not strong enough to defy Poland, and Sweden was as ambitious as they to extend her power on all the shores of the Baltic Sea, which she aspired to turn into a Swedish lake.

"THE GREAT ELECTOR"

The situation came to a head in the Thirty Years' War, 1618–48, which so profoundly affected most of the ruling houses of Germany and wrought such devastation in Central Europe. In that long conflict the Hohenzollerns with skill and shrewdness, if not with much heroism or high-mindedness, played a difficult and dangerous part. The Elector George William, though a Protestant and a brother-in-law of Gustavus Adolphus, fearing the check of his ambitions that Swedish success would bring, gave but little support to the Swedish king's attempt to rescue the German Protestants. He and his son after him shifted and negotiated and, when they could not avoid it, fought their way into such a position that when the settlement of Germany came with the Peace of Westphalia the Hohenzollerns acquired as their share of the spoil the larger part of farther Pomerania—the whole of which they had claimed—and four bishoprics in central Germany, including Magdeburg.

Such was the first achievement of the Elector Frederick William,—"the Great Elector," as he was called,—the second founder of the fortunes of his house. The achievement of another great Hohenzollern ambition soon followed it—the release of Prussia from Polish overlordship. Taking advantage of the great war between Sweden and Poland that followed the Thirty Years' War, Frederick William received for his timely aid to the Swedes the recognition of his unlimited

PROFESSOR ABBOTT'S SERIES, of which the House of Hohenzollern is the second, is a comprehensive survey of the three great royal families that so largely controlled the destiny of Europe for many centuries before the Great War

sovereignty of Prussia. To that he added the settlement of a long-standing claim to territories in western Germany.

Nor was that the whole of the Great Elector's contribution to the greatness of his house. Within his enlarged territories he began with his own officials to build up a new system of administration that in later times became famous as the origin of the Prussian bureaucracy. He increased his army and enlarged his diplomatic service; he encouraged agriculture and manufacturing and gave protection and encouragement to Huguenots fleeing from the persecution of Louis XIV of France; and by so doing he began to make Brandenburg recognized as a factor to be reckoned with, not only in German but in European affairs.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

The new position of the Hohenzollern state was soon confirmed. With the death of the last of the Spanish Hapsburgs, Charles II, and the on-coming War of the Spanish Succession to determine the disposition of his dominions the emperor, looking for allies against Louis XIV, who had accepted the Spanish throne for his grandson, Philip V, turned to Brandenburg for assistance. And in return for a promise of aid he permitted the elector to take the title of King of Prussia in the first year of the eighteenth century. With that event the long growth of the house of Hohenzollern proved successful beyond perhaps even the dreams of its earlier members; and it advanced toward another great turning point in its career.

The son and successor of the first king of Prussia—Frederick William I—was not a warlike prince, but he devoted himself to two objects each of which was related to war. The first was to accumulate a great treasure; the second was to have an army out of all proportion to the size of his country. He believed that if the small state of Prussia, which had two and a half million people, was to play a considerable part in European affairs, it should be "all sting." He was especially fond of soldiers and among other things decided to have a regiment of giants. His agents scoured all Europe for recruits for the organization, which soon became famous, and no man above six feet six inches was safe from them. The agents hired or even kidnapped the men they wanted wherever they found them, and the Potsdam Giant Regiment of Grenadiers with some two thousand four hundred men was one of the sights of Europe.

Of course the soldiers were too splendid and too expensive to fight; and as a matter of fact Frederick William I engaged in only one war and that was a minor conflict. He died in 1740, the same year in which the Czarina Anna and the Emperor Charles VI died. His son, Frederick II, called in later years Frederick the Great, succeeded him. The new king was twenty-eight years old and had spent his youth in the pursuit of literature and music—writing bad poetry and playing still worse on the flute—and in quarreling with his stern father after the Hohenzollern manner. He had showed little aptitude or taste either for war or for politics. But scarcely was he on the throne when, taking advantage of the weakness of the Hapsburg monarchy under the Archduchess Maria Theresa, he mobilized his army and, invading the province of Silesia, which joined his territories on the south, began the so-called Wars of the Austrian Succession, or the Silesian Wars, which lasted more than twenty years, and raised the little kingdom of Prussia to the rank of a first-rate European power.

In that unscrupulous design, entered upon, as he declared, from desire to increase his dominions and to make himself famous, he was at first successful. France, Bavaria and Spain declared war against Austria and so contributed to his plans. The first Silesian War, which lasted two years, left him in possession of the territory that he had seized. But he had invoked a spirit that he could not control. All Europe and presently America were drawn into the conflict; and in the third Silesian War, or the so-called Seven Years' War, Frederick almost met destruction. The intervention of England, which was then fighting France for the control of America, saved him, and the Peace of 1763 left him Silesia and a reputation for military skill and diplomatic shrewdness unmatched in Europe.

Though the war left Prussia among the first-rate powers of the continent, it was weak and impoverished from the long strain. Frederick devoted his later years to restoring his country to prosperity, and he became eminent among those "enlightened despots" who spent their energies for the good of their people. He established banks, set up a "maritime company" to promote commerce,

drained the marshes, codified the laws and provided an efficient if stern administration. But the tradition of greatness founded on a powerful army and on unscrupulous diplomacy remained. The partition of Poland, which began during his reign and gave Prussia the district of Posen and the lands that separated Prussia from Brandenburg, strengthened the tradition. The eastern boundaries were now filled in.

Three years after the death of Frederick the Great the French Revolution broke out. Like all absolutist monarchs, the Hohenzollerns naturally were opposed to the movement and joined Austria in sending an army against the French revolutionaries. That army was defeated in the Battle of Valmy; and thereafter Prussia looked on with indifference while the French under Napoleon's leadership overran the rest of Europe. Following the tradition of the great days of Frederick the Great, Prussia was confident in the ability of its diplomacy and of its army. That confidence was shaken in 1806 when by his diplomacy Napoleon isolated Prussia and then overthrew its army in four hours at the Battle of Jena. Thereafter the Hohenzollerns were punished for their weak and selfish policy. In fact they were almost eliminated as a European power.

But the ability of three great ministers, none of whom were Prussians,—Stein, Scharnhorst and Hardenberg,—saved the country. The whole Prussian system was reorganized; serfdom was abolished; a national spirit was roused, and, most important for the future, a new system of military training was introduced. It was the universal, compulsory, short-term service by which all able-bodied men were passed through the army. In later years all Europe adopted the system, which became the main characteristic of Prussia. When Napoleon's Russian expedition failed the Prussians were the first to desert his cause. Hohenzollern, Hapsburg and Romanov joined with England to overthrow his power; and when they had succeeded Prussia received its reward. It gained Swedish Pomerania, the greater part of Saxony and territories along the Rhine—so-called Rhenish Prussia—that brought it to the borders of France, though the north German states separated the territories from Brandenburg. But in all of those events the weak and vacillating Hohenzollern king, Frederick William III, played little part; nor were his successors of much more account than he.

The greatness of Prussia thereafter depended chiefly upon its ministers, its officials and its army. In them it was fortunate; under their lead it began to make itself the dominant power in north Germany. It established a customs union that bound the lesser states to it; it undermined the power of its rival Austria and began the unification of Germany under the house of Hohenzollern rather than under the Hapsburgs or the German Liberals. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out Frederick William IV was obliged to grant a constitution to his people; but it was his troops that finally crushed the Liberal movement.

THE POLICY OF "BLOOD AND IRON"

With the conclusion of the Revolution of 1848 there came to the front the great German statesman Bismarck, who entered on his policy of "blood and iron" to unify Germany under the Hohenzollern dynasty. First, in defiance of the people's will, he increased the size of his army; then he carried on a joint war with Austria against Denmark by which Prussia occupied Schleswig; then he picked a quarrel with Austria in 1866 and defeated it and the German states that were allied with it. Then he established the North German Confederation with Prussia at the head; it was composed of states that Prussia had conquered, including Schleswig and Holstein, Hanover, Hesse, Nassau and Frankfurt. Thus Prussia filled in its boundaries on the west. Finally Bismarck found grounds for a war with France and with the aid of the south German states defeated it in 1870-71. He persuaded the German princes to offer the imperial title to William I of Prussia, who was crowned Emperor of Germany in the Palace of Versailles on January 18, 1871. An imperial parliament at Frankfurt adopted a constitution for the new empire, and the long career of the Hohenzollern family thus came to a climax.

It is apparent that this final success was owing less to the head of the house than it was to Bismarck, Moltke and Roon, who directed its military and diplomatic destinies. William I and his son Frederick III with all their excellent qualities were not men of great ability or of aggressive character; and it was not until the accession of William II in 1888 that a Hohenzollern of dominating personality came to the throne. The result of his

accession was soon apparent. Within five months Moltke resigned as chief of staff; and two years to a day from William II's accession Bismarck resigned as Chancellor of the Empire. Then the young emperor entered on what he called "the new course." He aspired to revive in his person the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, and he devoted himself to enlarging the place of Germany in European and in world politics. He turned his attention to creating a navy that should rival England's; he increased the size of the army; he encouraged commerce. While striving at home to repress the Socialist movement, which had begun with the growth of industry in Germany, he "rattled the sword" and "shook the mailed fist" in the face of Europe. In 1914, driven on partly by circumstances and partly by the military party, he plunged

the world into war; and that great adventure brought first defeat, then revolution and his abdication.

Thus ended the greatness of the house of Hohenzollern. Its history differs in many ways from the history of the house of the Hapsburgs. It came later on the stage; it produced few men of eminence in modern times; it was fortunate in its ministers, who combined capacity for administration with aggressive ambition. But the persistence in the policy of the so-called "Hohenzollern testament," which embodied the principles and the aims of its dynastic ambitions from generation to generation, was unsuited to an age that no longer recognized divine right; and the house fell at the moment of its greatest success and dragged with it the two other great dynasties of Hapsburg and Romanov.

THE PARACHUTE SHOWER

By Mather Brooks



THERE was a shimmer of silvery white as a gust of wind, blowing fitfully round the corner of the big steel hangar, slipped under the edge of a parachute that was lying on the grass and partly opened it. Another gust struck the parachute, and the three mechanics who were clinging to the harness were jerked from their feet and dragged, struggling, across the grassplot.

At that instant a young man left a small group of air-service officers who were watching with amusement and, running to the edge of the white disk, seized it and by throwing all of his strength into a quick jerk against the wind spilled the air from the cone and had the parachute fluttering in his hands like a sheet.

"These airplane chutes are mighty strong," the officer remarked as he rejoined his companions.

"Yes, and safe too," answered one of the group. "By the way, Frank, I understand that we have authority to make practice jumps if we want to. I'm half inclined to try one just for the experience. Are you?"

Lieut. Frank Vickers shook his head. "No," he answered. "I understand a parachute fairly well and see nothing to be gained by jumping. Primarily a chute is an aerial life preserver. You don't have to jump into the water with a cork life belt on in order to learn how to use it. The same way with a parachute. In case of a fire in the air or of trouble of some sort with the plane a chute is a handy thing, but even then it is the lesser of two evils. Sometimes it fails to open, you know."

Vickers spoke from the experience of more than two thousand hours in the air. He had flown for six years, and during that time he had come to know his vocation as fascinating and, if treated with respect, safe. If he had honestly believed that the experience of parachute jumping were necessary or would be a valuable addition to his store of aeronautical knowledge he would have jumped from an aeroplane without hesitation.

"I think you are absolutely right," agreed Lieutenant McCune. "The chutes were issued for us to wear when we fly forest patrol this summer. Then in case of trouble with our motors or planes when we are over the wooded mountains they will be worth while. But in the meantime I don't feel as if I needed any practice. What do you say, Rankin?"

"Well, yes, I want to jump," Rankin replied. "I understand too that these new-type parachutes can be sideslipped and

maneuvered in the air so that a jumper can land virtually anywhere that he wants. Rodgers here refuses to believe me. So I am going to show him how it's done." He smiled at his companion, the fourth member of the group.

Lieutenant Rodgers was Rankin's closest friend. The two were always trying to outdo each other in everything. Well aware of the good-natured rivalry and knowing also that an argument would result, Vickers and McCune awaited Rodgers's reply with interest. They were not disappointed.

"Listen to me, old man," Rodgers said to Rankin. "I'll just jump with you. We'll go out of the same plane and maneuver for the same mark, and I'll leave it to Frank and McCune to judge whether I don't land closer to it than you do. How does that strike you?"

"Fine idea," replied Rankin enthusiastically. "You've been acting just a little bit too cocky for the last few days, and this thing will give me a chance to tone you down a peg. What do you know about landing to a mark with a chute? You'll be lucky if you manage to hit the earth at all."

As Rankin finished talking he tossed his leather flying coat at his friend. The heavy garment struck Rodgers unexpectedly in the face just as he opened his mouth to reply. He seized it and promptly flung it back to its owner. Not content with that form of reprisal, he tripped Rankin neatly while his head was still enveloped in the coat. Rankin finally extricated himself, and the two grappled and wrestled good-naturedly on the smooth grass at the side of the hangar.

After watching the match with amusement for a few minutes, McCune and Vickers separated the two. "Now that that's all settled," said McCune, "one of you be so kind as to furnish us with a few details regarding your proposed maneuvering contest."

"It's this way," answered Rankin when he had recovered his breath. "We'll go up lying flat on the upper wings of the plane. When we reach our altitude we both stand up. At a signal from the pilot the man on the right wing will pull his release cord and be lifted off when his chute opens and takes hold. Then the man on the left does the same thing. We'll maneuver for the mark, which will be the centre of the landing place out there." He pointed to the hundred-foot lined circle in the centre of the flying field. "You see, neither of us will leave the plane until his parachute opens; that eliminates the danger on that account. Vickers will pilot the ship, and Mac will hold down the front cockpit. Isn't that right, Rodgers?"

"Absolutely," replied Rodgers, who was hearing the plan for the first time. "Good idea too," he added, looking at the others.

"S-a-a-y!" gasped Vickers. "Why pick on me? There are other pilots in the squadron, you know—and some who would be a lot more willing," he added.

"No," said Rodgers decisively. "Frank or nobody. We know whom we can depend on."

Seeing that Vickers was undecided, Rankin took a position on one side of him, and Rodgers placed himself on the other side; then they began to convert him to their way of thinking. Finally Vickers yielded and consented to fly the aeroplane. Rankin and Rodgers would make the jumps that afternoon when the wind had died down.

Although Vickers considered the jumps to be safe enough, he admitted to himself that

he would feel greatly relieved when the affair was ended. He gave no sign of his feelings, however, as he tested the motor of his aeroplane at six o'clock that afternoon. Finding it functioning perfectly, he closed the throttle and allowed it to idle easily while Rankin and Rodgers took their positions, lying face downward on light platforms fastened to the upper side of the wings, perhaps four feet from the tips.

To steady himself better each man held to a stout rope that was fastened to the front edge of the wing. Neither the harness of the parachutes nor the parachutes themselves, which were strapped to their backs, seemed to inconvenience the two rival officers. They were in high spirits and found time to shout laughing advice at each other as the mechanics were removing the blocks from in front of the wheels of the aeroplane.

When everything was ready Vickers looked round for McCune.

Presently McCune appeared; to Vickers's astonishment he was wearing a parachute and was carrying another in his hands. "Here," he said as he handed the extra parachute to Vickers, "put this on; you never can tell what might happen on an occasion like this."

The suggestion appealed to Vickers, and without hesitation he allowed the flight sergeant to strap him into the heavy web harness. He was pleasantly astonished to find that it fitted him comfortably and that the small, compact pack in which the silk parachute was folded took the place of the back seat cushion in the aeroplane and did not hamper his movements. As a matter of fact it gave him an added sense of security that was quite welcome.

In spite of the additional cargo the aeroplane took the air easily and in a short time reached an altitude of three thousand feet. Then Vickers banked gently into the wind and headed across the flying field.

At his signal both men rose to their feet; they used the hand ropes to steady themselves against the force of the wind. When the farther boundary of the field appeared beneath the rear edge of the lower wing Vickers took time to see that each man had grasped the ring on the release cord of his parachute securely in his left hand; then, throttling the motor to its lowest speed, he skidded the aeroplane to the left in order to move the tail surfaces as far out of the way as possible and raised his right hand as a signal to Rodgers to pull his release cord.

He saw Rodgers's hand move slightly, but at the same time the man lost his grip on the hand rope. He made a frantic attempt to regain it but missed and fell backward off the wing toward the pilot's cockpit. He was below the edge of the upper wing when his parachute streamed out and up and whisked him back.

Then the entire aeroplane shivered, and the control stick jerked from Vickers's grasp. Though he regained it quickly, the instant that his fingers touched the rubber grip he knew that something was wrong. He glanced fearfully back at the tail surfaces of the machine. To his horror he saw that Rodgers's body had struck and crumpled the entire left side of the stabilizing and elevating planes. Then he caught a single glimpse of Rodgers's parachute, safely opened some distance below and to the rear.

Finding that he could move the rudder slightly, Vickers skidded the aeroplane to the right and signaled to Rankin to release his parachute. Rankin obeyed instantly and held to the hand rope until his parachute snapped open and lifted him clear of the aeroplane.

Having got rid of some of his responsibilities, Vickers turned his attention to the aeroplane again and found that he could move the control stick less than three inches in either direction, and that the movement of it had little or no effect on the flight of the machine. He was afraid to open the throttle, for he knew that the blast of air from the propeller would blow the broken tail surfaces away like bits of chaff.

McCune turned round and faced him. "When do you want me to go over?" he asked.

Vickers had forgotten his parachute until then; the thought of it made his tone sound very cheerful as he shouted in reply: "Any time you care to."

There was no indecision



about McCune. No sooner were the words spoken than he dove head-first over the side of the fuselage. Fascinated, Vickers watched him. It looked as if McCune had dropped for a thousand feet before the welcome flash told Vickers that the parachute had opened.

The steady increase in the speed of the aeroplane as the heavy nose, now unbalanced by the tail surfaces, was drawn toward the earth warned Vickers that he, too, must jump quickly if he were to escape from the machine before it dove vertically to the ground.

He opened both ignition switches and, unsnapping his safety belt, scrambled out of the cockpit upon the small steps on the outside of the fuselage. Hesitating only long enough to grasp the ring of his release cord he pushed himself away from the aeroplane and dropped.

Down—down—down. It was like diving into water that offered no resistance. Vickers knew that he was turning over as he fell. He lost track of the position of the ground. He could see nothing except the blue green of space. He knew that he was traveling fast—but that was all.

Then he thought of the release cord. He must pull it quickly! He was rather astonished to find that he had already pulled it and that the light cable was loose in his left hand. Something soft and white whipped away from his feet, and he realized that he was traveling head down. Then came a violent jerk. His jaws snapped together; every joint and tendon in his body seemed to feel the strain. Then he found himself swinging easily in the air. Why, it was like waking from a nightmare!

Vickers finished inhaling the breath that he had started to take when he had left the aeroplane, but he held his next breath and involuntarily ducked as a loud whistling noise reached his ears. The sound increased as with a shriek the aeroplane, traveling with the speed of a bomb, shot down. He watched it strike in the centre of a pasture adjacent to the flying field. There was a cloud of dust, followed by dense black smoke and a sound like the crushing of a thin wooden box, but it seemed a thousand times louder than that.

Then for the first time since leaving the aeroplane Vickers noticed the other parachutes floating placidly below. The air seemed to be full of them! A moment later he saw the white disk of one collapse as it reached the ground. Almost immediately an ambulance drew up to it. Vickers guessed that it was Rodgers's parachute and was thankful that Rodgers had reached the ground safely and was receiving attention.

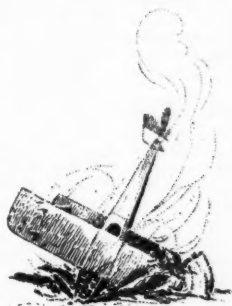
With still a thousand feet to go Vickers realized somewhat grudgingly that he was enjoying the ride. He seemed to be seated on the softest of cushions, and there was no sensation of motion. It was hard to believe that the silken circle of the parachute above him, which looked almost transparent in the afternoon sunlight, was responsible for his easy descent. He could hear plainly the voices of people on the ground and many other sounds. He wondered whether Rankin and McCune were enjoying their rides as much as he was. He saw their parachutes lazily collapse as they landed. Then the ground seemed to swing up to him, and he landed on his feet with a slight jolt. He did not try to remain standing, however, but sat down, for with a firm touch of the earth had come a reaction, and he found himself strangely weak.

He looked up to see the ambulance approaching and was pleasantly surprised to see Rankin, McCune and Rodgers crowded on the front seat. "Got down O. K.," Rodgers shouted. "Only jarred and bruised a bit."

So great was Vickers's relief at everybody's escape that he forbore telling the impetuous young flyer how nearly he had come to wiping out a goodly part of the officer personnel of one of the best squadrons in the service.

"And, Vickers," said Rankin, grinning, "although you entered rather late in the contest, we admit that you are the best jumper. You can stand up. We've seen where you landed."

Vickers did not understand him for a moment until, glancing round, he saw that he was seated in the exact centre of the landing circle.



Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth—all late discoveries

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

All old methods proved inadequate. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much left intact

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary,

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

Thus Pepsodent twice daily brings five effects, now proved essential, which old ways never brought. To the people of some 50 nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere—teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

If you do not know this method, find it out. To you and yours it may mean life-long benefits you would not go without.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation. Its effects will surprise and delight you. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 446, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



Benito Mussolini

FACT AND COMMENT

PERSONS of a forgiving temper seldom have much to be forgiven.

Men reach the Selfsame Goal by Roads
Diverse.
Because my Way is Different is it
Worse?

DISCOURAGEMENT is the worst misfortune that can befall a man. It is the death of his strength.

THE ENTERPRISING Oregon plumber who has put a complete plumbing shop on wheels should not have to travel far for jobs—and he will always have his tools with him.

WITH THE EVER-INCREASING movement of white population to tropical and sub-tropical lands, the control of hookworm, as of malaria and sleeping sickness, becomes a matter for world-wide action. More than half the people of the world live in a region where infection with hookworm is a menace to health and energy.

A TESTING CIRCLE is a group of perhaps six women in a community who try new articles of household equipment, one at a time, and then pass them on in exchange for other articles. Many dealers and manufacturers are willing to offer one of their labor-saving mechanisms for a free trial on the chance of getting several orders from the circle.

ALL THE STATES except Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Mississippi and Louisiana will hold legislative sessions in 1923. The opportunity for concerted action is so unusual that automobile associations will hardly fail to take advantage of it to urge uniform road laws. As it is now, lax laws in one state and stringent ones in the next cause confusion, injustice and frequent accidents.

SUPERSEDING THE GERMAN reference books of 1914, the new color index of the Society of Dyers and Colorists at Bradford, England, displays about fourteen hundred colors, no two of which are alike to the trained eye. The dyes are the products of dye makers in all parts of the world, twenty-nine of them in the United States and thirty-two each in Great Britain and Germany.

THERE ARE SOME PSYCHOLOGISTS who rate checkers above chess as a test of analytical power. The champion players of either game are usually men of mature minds and long experience, but the new checkers champion of the United States is a high-school junior, eighteen years old, who has been playing the game only five years; and a Polish lad ten years old has beaten all except the very finest chess players in the world.

THE POTENTIAL COTTON BELT of China extends from eighteen degrees to forty-three degrees north latitude, and the loess soil there, as in the Mississippi basin, is well suited to the plant. Lately several Chinese societies have been formed to learn the best methods of raising cotton, to get the best varieties grown in other countries and to combat diseases and pests. Chinese farmers who follow the procedure recommended raise twelve hundred pounds of seed cotton to the acre, which is much more than the average in the United States.

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION and other organizations expect soon to resume the work of excavating and research in Yucatan. The remains of the Maya civilization, which flourished in Yucatan a thousand years ago, have as yet been little explored. The cities and

temples were so numerous that remains are to be seen nearly everywhere. So far as is now known, the civilization of the Mayas is a native growth and had no connection either with Europe or with Asia before the time of Columbus. Their greatest achievements were making a calendar based on astronomical study, building their temples and inventing a complicated system of hieroglyphic writing.

MUSSOLINI, DICTATOR OF ITALY

EVER since the end of the Great War Italy has been in a state of political turmoil. Disappointed in the territorial gains of the country as a result of the war, and suffering from the financial worries that the tremendous war expenditures visited on a people by no means wealthy, the Italians have been uneasy, resentful, protesting. They have given the world an excellent illustration of the working of "direct action" in politics. The country has been a battle ground for the opposing parties, and the government, always enfeebled by the instability of the coalition on which it depended for a majority, has rarely tried to keep order between the quarreling factions and when it has tried has never succeeded.

At first the Socialists of the Left—the Communists in short—seemed the stronger party. In the parliamentary elections of 1919 they won a larger number of seats than any other party could control. In industry they became aggressive. The workmen in northern Italy proclaimed a general strike and seized many of the great factories, which they planned to confiscate for their own benefit. The government stood by helpless; it was only the admitted failure of the workmen in managing the businesses they had seized that led to their returning the factories to the owners.

But the incident gave rise to an antisocialistic organization, the Fascisti. The members were ardent Nationalists who were violently opposed to the Marxism, the communism, the "internationalism," of the Socialists. Their leader, strangely enough, was Benito Mussolini, who had formerly been the editor of the Socialist newspaper *Avanti*, but whom the treatment of Italy by the Central Powers and the enthusiasm of the early war years had converted into a strong Nationalist. Mussolini is a spiritual descendant of Garibaldi. His "black shirts," like the "red shirts" of sixty odd years ago, are the protagonists of an eager and defiant nationalism. They are largely made up of soldiers who fought in the war, and they come from every class in the nation. The Italian is by nature a thorough individualist, and his national self-consciousness is so recent a growth that it has not lost its warmth and enthusiasm. Fascism spread like wildfire. Armed and drilled into a very considerable efficiency, the Fascisti have given battle to the Communists all over the peninsula. They have had the sympathy of the army and the police. The government has not had the courage either to restrain or to oppose the movement. The "black shirts" have beaten down Communism by force of arms until the Communist party has been obliged to abandon its organization. The country that next to Hungary seemed the most hopeful ground for Bolshevik propaganda is now as aggressively individualist and nationalist in feeling as any in Europe.

The Fascisti, conscious of their strength and scornful of the weakness of the existing administration, have now accomplished what amounts to a revolution. The King, yielding to their demands, has made Mussolini premier. If he is to govern constitutionally, there must shortly be a new election, for his supporters are in a minority in parliament, though he has arranged a temporary coalition that includes representatives of the Democratic, Catholic and Nationalist groups. What his policy will be Europe waits impatiently to learn. He is at present loyal to the monarchy and declares that he means to restore to the government the energy and courage it has conspicuously lacked. General Diaz, the victor of the Piave, is in his cabinet, and he can rely on the army. The danger is that his nationalism will be too aggressive. He is on terms of consultation and confidence with Gabriele d'Annunzio. Does that mean a provocative and hostile attitude toward Slav neighbors of Italy on the Adriatic? He is reported to have said that only powers having coasts on the Mediterranean Sea have the right to exert naval power there. Does that mean a challenge to Great Britain? What will be his attitude toward Germany, toward France? We must wait to see. Responsibility will probably curb his exuberant Italianism, for he will find it harder to govern Italy well himself than to overturn the people who have been trying

with indifferent success to govern. But for the moment he is the idol, the dictator of the nation.

SELF-WILLED AND STRONG-WILLED

THE parents of young children usually view with complacency the determination of their offspring to have their own way. They may not let them have it, but they comment approvingly on the strength of character indicated by tenacity, however disagreeably it may be expressed.

"He has such a strong will!" the mother exclaims with satisfaction.

"He'll know what he wants, and he'll go after it," agrees the father. "Pretty good trait."

It is not unlikely that, as the years go on, many of these inexperienced and prejudiced parents will continue to confuse strength of desire with strength of will. But strength of desire does not always imply strength of will; sometimes it even seems to prevent the growth of strength of will. If, as is often the result under improper direction, it leads to self-indulgence, it certainly does not produce strength of will. The self-willed person is usually the one least given to practicing self-control; and there is no better test of the strength of a man's will than the degree to which he practices self-control. The will to attain is an excellent trait, but it can only be developed if with it there is developed equally the power to forgo.

Therefore the fathers and mothers who rejoice over their children's manifestations of a strong purpose to possess themselves of whatever they want may be rejoicing prematurely. The wisdom or unwisdom of their guidance is likely to determine whether the child in whom they have such pride grows up self-willed, self-indulgent and ineffectual, or strong-willed, resolute and capable.

A MILLIONAIRE OF MYSTERY

WE are so used to thinking of Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Mr. Henry Ford as the richest men in the world that it is a shock to read that a speaker in the British Parliament has asked whether that distinction does not properly belong to Sir Basil Zaharoff. Probably no one knows what is the truth of the matter, but it is unquestionable that no one in Europe, unless it be Herr Hugo Stinnes, has anything like the fortune of Sir Basil Zaharoff.

How many of our readers have ever heard of him? Probably few. He is not widely advertised by a talkative press, as his American rivals are. He is indeed a figure of mystery. No one knows just where he was born. Some say in Constantinople, some say in Athens, some say in Russia. His father was certainly a Russian, and his mother a Greek. He inherited no money to speak of, but has made his millions quietly, almost furtively. He is a naturalized citizen of France, and his home is in Paris; but he is in British business and finance up to the shoulders, is a Doctor of Civil Laws of Oxford, and was knighted by King George. He is the head of the great munitions firm of Vickers-Maxim, and the war vastly increased a fortune already large. He is interested in some valuable oil properties in the Near East and is a rival of the great Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch Shell company. He has millions invested in shipping, is prominent in some of the largest banking institutions in France and is a half owner of the gaming palace at Monte Carlo. He is said to have financed the military activities of Greece while Venizelos was in power, and there are many who say that his influence with Lloyd George, always strong though carefully concealed, was one of the mainsprings of the British policy in the Near East. In his characteristically secretive way he is generous. He has given largely to Oxford University, the University of Paris and the University of Petrograd. He gave the money for the meeting of the Interparliamentary Commission in Paris, and he has given a great deal to charitable and philanthropic causes.

In spite of all that, few persons outside his circle of business associates know the man even by sight. He is a tall, slender, gray-haired man, seventy-two years old, who always wears a red carnation in his buttonhole. He has never married and is said to avoid women, but so little is he known that in spite of his unquestionable power in international business and finance, and of his reputed power in international politics, he could walk the streets of Paris or London unrecognized. Perhaps he is not so rich and not so influential as

he is suspected of being. The very air of mystery that surrounds him may lead people to exaggerate his importance and his power. But he is evidently a remarkable person whose story, if it could be told in full, would no doubt be crowded with interesting, not to say romantic, incidents. Not the least of his achievements is that in an age of advertising he has been able to foil the press agent.

WANTING THE RIGHT THINGS

IT is quite as important that we should want the right things as that we should be able to get what we want. If the wants of the people are coarse or vicious, it is of no benefit to them to increase their productive power. That would merely increase their power to gratify their coarse or vicious appetites. The growth of the physical sciences and the invention of mechanical contrivances have greatly increased our power to get what we want, and our wants have correspondingly increased in number and variety, so that it is probably as hard as it ever was to get all that we want. Whether our wants have improved as much in quality as they have increased in number and variety, or whether they have improved in quality at all, is by no means certain.

Our improvements in productive power are owing wholly to our workers in physical science, our inventors and our business organizers. The skill of our artisans is no greater than that of the artisans of previous times.

Our workers in the physical sciences, our mechanical inventors and business organizers, important as they are, have done little more, strictly speaking, than to devise ways and means. They have not solved the problem of what is ultimately worth having. They have fostered a keen sense of the value of means, but they have given little attention to the problem of evaluating ends. Under their leadership we have all given a vast amount of attention to the problem of the best ways of doing things or the best means of achieving our ends. If the next century will give to the problem of what is worth doing or of what ends are most desirable as much study as the last century gave to the problem how to do things, that century will see quite as great an improvement in civilization as the last one saw.

When we become as expert in deciding what is worth while as we now are in devising ways and means we shall become a wonderful people. Devising ways and means has been mainly the work of men. Deciding what is worth having has been since the time of Eve largely the work of women. Possibly the rise of women to power and influence will give them the opportunity they need. Making us want the right things may be the work reserved for the women of the future.

MR. BONAR LAW'S ATTITUDE

WE seem to be seeing the old fable of King Log and King Stork modified if not reversed. The British people have been under the rule of King Stork, who was not a devouring enemy but an active and zealous friend. Now they are turning to King Log, who promises to practice and encourage quiet and tranquillity and to cease harassing his subjects.

On the whole that tells with sufficient accuracy the story of what has been happening in England. Little has been changed. Many of the heads of departments in the new government held posts in the old one, and only one or two of the others were classed as opponents, or "die-hards." When the new premier shall have occasion to reply to a speech by one who was known in the late House of Commons as a Coalition Liberal he will still refer to him as "my friend," as in the days when he led the Commons as the spokesman for his chief, the dethroned King Stork. The principles and the purposes of the one ministry are the principles and the purposes of the other. Nothing is altered except methods and temperament.

Mr. Bonar Law in his speech to his constituents at Glasgow made that abundantly plain to all who studied his words. Though he spoke as a Conservative, he had not a word to say against the Liberals of the Lloyd George stripe, or against the late premier himself, whom he declared to be "by far the greatest personality in our politics today," and virtually urged his hearers to cooperate closely with that wing of the party and to avoid contests with it in the coming elections. He criticized no part of Lloyd George's policy, dissented from none of his political principles, declared that he was no

rival of his. Accepting all that has been done, he thinks that the time has come when it is best for the country to take a rest from active efforts to improve conditions; that more good, or at least less harm, will result if the situation be left to unfold itself than by experimental efforts to develop it.

He expressed his policy concisely and well in a single sentence of advice, which manifestly epitomizes the course he proposes for himself: "Don't touch anything unless you are quite certain that you are going to improve it." That is a good rule for politicians of all countries, of all parties, at all times, and in reference to all issues. The American people have not always acted upon it, but have made haste to abolish some admitted evil without carefully thinking out whether their substitute for the old institution would be an improvement. Mr. Bonar Law cited the Genoa conference as an example of the activities he would avoid. He regarded the chances of success of that conference as so doubtful that he would not have risked the failure that he had feared, and that occurred.

So the new government represents an attitude rather than a constructive policy. After the hectic seeking for means to restore the British Empire and Europe—means that after all have not accomplished much—the world will await with interest and not without hope the result of the plan to bring about stability, peace and normal trade conditions by letting things alone.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

THE EDITORIAL PAGE

of

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

is restrained, accurate, terse, well considered in all its statements. There is no better nonpartisan guide to an understanding of the affairs of the world. You who know its merit will not want to be without it the coming year.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW

You will be doing us a great favor if you will let us enter your renewal in November or early December, for in January comes the great flood of new subscriptions, which of course must be entered at once, and which consequently tax to its utmost the whole clerical force. A renewal blank and some unusually interesting offers that we are making this year to those who renew promptly have been mailed to you. The Companion Home Calendar is a gift to all our renewing subscribers.

PERRY MASON COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



CURRENT EVENTS

ANARCHY in art is much nearer than anarchy in politics. The world that loves pictures has successively had its brains puzzled or its sense of humor tickled by the curious experiments of the Futurists, the Cubists and the Dadaists. Now at the autumn Salon in Paris appear the Geometricians. Those painters name their pictures conventionally; they call them landscapes, interiors or figure studies, but they use only straight lines and geometrical figures to express their ideas. Picabia, the erratic Spaniard who invented Dadaism, is the leader of the new cult. He has contributed to the Salon two pictures entitled Leaf of Vine and Spanish Night, which those who have seen them say suggest nothing but a confusion of drawings from the pages of Euclid.

AT the first meeting of the fact-finding commission appointed by the President to investigate and report on the coal industry Mr. John Hays Hammond, the noted mining engineer, was chosen chairman. The

commission includes former Vice-President Marshall, Judge Samuel Alschuler of Chicago, Mr. Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, Mr. George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey, Mr. Charles P. Neill, a former Commissioner of Labor, and Dr. E. T. Devine of New York. The commission is regarded as a strong one, and its report will be awaited with interest, although neither mine owners nor mine workers have shown a very cheerful readiness to cooperate with the investigators.

WE learn from Paris that a movement has been started in Europe to assist those forces in this country that are engaged in the effort to take the eighteenth amendment out of the Constitution or, failing that, to modify the laws that have been passed to enforce it. The backbone of the European organization is the wine growers of France, Germany and Spain. Count de Mun is said to be the head of it. We learn further that the new organization does not mean to defeat its own ends by appearing publicly in the campaign against prohibition, but that it will put its financial support and its propaganda system at the disposal of American societies that are working for a more "liberal" interpretation of the amendment.

WHEN the Near East conference met at Lausanne the United States was represented by "observers" but not by official members of the conference. The Harding administration is determined not to involve itself in matters that are essentially European or Asiatic, which, in view of the spirit with which the powers still deal with such matters, is perhaps the part of wisdom. Certainly it is the part of caution. Our observers will communicate to the conference the views of our government on aspects of the Near Eastern question that seem to affect the United States, but they will take no responsible part in framing a settlement of the confused relations between Turks, Greeks, Bulgars and Arabs, or between the sponsors for those peoples among the powers of Western Europe.

THE picture of Mussolini, once harried out of Italy for advocating revolutionary socialism, now taking the oath as premier at the head of a party pledged to destroy socialism and to glorify Italian nationalism, is an extraordinary one. But Mussolini is at least constant to one of his principles: he still believes in revolutionary methods. His success, like that of Lenine, shows the power that can be exerted by a compact, well-organized, aggressive minority. His followers have wrought a conservative revolution and not a destructive one, like that of Moscow; but neither event is cheering to those who believe in democracy and representative government. The world has not outgrown the use of force. When the passions are aroused legality is still a slender cord with which to bind men.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the German Reichstag, composed of Prof. Hans Delbrueck, the historian, and two army officers, have been studying the German campaign in the west in 1918, with a view to finding out who or what was responsible for its defeat. The committee are severe upon General Ludendorff, who, they think, showed bad judgment, confused strategy and desperate tactics. But, although they may have proved beyond question that Ludendorff made mistakes, they cannot convince the reader that anyone else would have done better. German morale was weak in 1918. The handwriting on the wall was only too visible to the whole nation when the American troops began to arrive. Ludendorff might have prolonged the agony by a strictly defensive campaign in his trenches. But that too would have meant defeat in the end.

THE British government will ratify the Irish constitution as the Dail passed it—if it has not already ratified it before this paragraph appears. Ulster will declare itself out of the Free State, though hopeful spirits discern a more friendly feeling on both sides of the border and expect Ulster to unite with the rest of Ireland as soon as the new government proves its capacity. We hear little now of disorder in southern Ireland. De Valera and his partisans are unreconciled, but their strength appears to be failing day by day. Ireland is still the land of paradox. The loss of its two greatest leaders, Griffith and Collins, seems only to have strengthened the cause for which they died.

A
Thoughtful
Gift



For Wife or Husband
For Son or Daughter
For Teacher or Pastor
For Dearest Friend

Remington Portable

A complete portable typewriter that will be prized by anyone—because it is helpful, useful, practical and valuable.

Has the complete standard keyboard and other big machine features. Fits in case only four inches high.

Sold by over 2,000 dealers and Remington branch offices everywhere.

Send for our illustrated "Your Ever Handy Helper." Address Dept. 64.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER
COMPANY

374 Broadway, New York

Paragon Ribbons for Remington
Portable Typewriters. Made by
us. 50 cents each, \$5.00 a dozen



CHILDREN'S PAGE

NOVEMBER

By Pauline Frances Camp

Poor dear little chilly November!
His lessons he cannot remember!
His marks are so low—
Down to zero they go—
That I think he will leave by December.

THE MAGIC COLLAR

By Miriam Clark Potter

MR. TINKER and his wife lived by themselves in a cosy little cottage at the edge of a great forest. They were very happy except for one thing; they had no little child to sit in their tiny white chair by the fireplace. The neighbors' children sat in it when they came to call with their mothers, and once in a while a visiting kitten climbed into it and slept; but no little child named Tinker had ever rested there.

One day when Mr. Tinker was walking in the forest he heard the sound of moaning. After searching about he found a little fawn that had broken its leg. Tenderly lifting the little creature, he carried it home and set the broken leg. When the fawn was well again it would not go away.

"I think I'll make a collar of brass for it," said Mr. Tinker. And so he did.

When the fawn felt the collar round its neck it ran to the pool in the woods and looked in and turned its head this way and that.

That night Mr. Tinker said to his wife, "Have you noticed how very, very bright that collar shines?"

And she answered, "I have indeed."

"There is something magical about it," he whispered over his big blue teacup. "I believe it will bring us good fortune."

As for the little fawn, it was very grateful for all the kindness of the good people. One day, as it lay in the grass, it heard Mr. Tinker sigh: "Wife, we have a fine cottage, roses in the garden and a good pet. How perfect life would be if only we had a child to sit in our little white chair!"

His wife nodded. "Perfect indeed," she said. The little fawn sprang to its feet and ran

toward the road that wound in and out of the forest. "I will find them a little child!" it said to itself.

After a while it came to a hunter's hut; a baby girl was playing outside the door.

"She will do," thought the fawn, but just then a smiling mother came out of the hut and picked the child up.

"Alas!" thought the fawn. "I cannot take that child away." So it went on.

All that day and the next it hunted for a little child who did not belong to anybody! But there seemed to be no such child.

At nightfall of the second day the fawn lay down to rest in the very heart of the forest. Suddenly it heard a little voice singing:

"Rabbits, put the kettle on;
Birdies, sing to me.
Lady Night, with silver feet,
Waits beneath the tree."

The fawn jumped up and walked to the place from which the voice came. There it found a tiny brown hut and on the door was a sign:

This is the home of little Johnny Blackjacket, who has lost his mother and father. He hopes to be adopted.

The fawn looked in at the window and saw a little fair-haired boy in a black jacket, sitting by a table. Two rabbits were getting supper, and two birds, perched on the head of a bed, were warbling a sleepy song.

Suddenly the little boy said, "What is that face, staring in at the window? Oh, it is only a fawn! What a pretty collar it has on."

He ran out of the door, and the four pets followed him. The fawn knelt and Johnny climbed upon its back. Whish! They were off and away, speeding through the fragrant, flowering forest; and the birds flew and the rabbits hopped as fast as the fawn ran. At last they all came to Mr. Tinker's hut.

The fawn knocked at the door with its little front foot.

Mr. Tinker came to the door, with a night-cap on and a candle in his hand, and his wife peered over his shoulder.

"It is our fawn!" they cried. "But what is it carrying on its back?"

They opened the door wider, and into the house walked the fawn with little Johnny Blackjacket on its back. And after them



DRAWN BY BENJAMIN

They were off and away

hopped the two rabbits and the two birds. Then Johnny saw the tiny white chair by the fireplace and ran over to it. "Is it mine?" he asked, lifting his face to Mr. Tinker and his wife. "May I stay and be your little boy? And may my four pets stay, too?" They said all of them might stay, and they took him up and kissed him. And the magic collar shone with a brightness greater than ever.

THE PLUCKY LITTLE WINNERS

By Richard Jeffrey Brown

MANY years ago there was much rivalry among the animals of a certain forest. At length word went forth that they would hold a contest to decide which was the best among them. When the day came the animals gathered from far and near. A large lion presided over the meeting, and the judges were three wise crows. Said the lion: "The contest is in four parts; if one wins in all four, he will receive the prize; if more than one animal is successful, the prize will be divided."

"What is the prize?" asked the foolish-looking chimpanzee. "And how valuable is it? And where did it come from?"

The chimpanzee made so much noise with his loud questions that he was put out of the meeting; so he climbed to the top of a near-by tree and sat there and made faces at the rest.

"The prize," the lion explained, "is a string of lovely sea shells that were collected with a good deal of trouble."

The animals pricked up their ears, for in that part of the world sea shells were very scarce.

"We are met here," the lion went on pompously, "to find out which of us is the strongest, which is the spriest, which is the most beautiful and which is the best jumper. Those who wish to compete will perform before the crowd."

The beauty contest came first. A tawny leopard with black spots was so beautiful that there seemed little doubt that he would win the prize. But all at once something as light as a shadow came fluttering into the show ring. It was a large, golden butterfly marked with velvety black spots. Opening and closing

her wings, she softly asked, "Am I not a beautiful creature?"

There was no denying it; she was beautiful.

"But insects and things like that don't count," cried several voices.

The judges talked the matter over. "Insects are animals," they decided.

The lion sulkily waved the butterfly aside and called for the animals who thought they were the spriest. Immediately there was a rustle in the tree tops, and some monkeys came swinging down from the branches. They leaped and swung so cleverly that no one looked at the other animals who were trying for the prize.

But in the midst of the performance a spider came crawling down through the air; at least that is what she seemed to be doing. Very slowly she came down, and then, about two feet from the ground, she began to climb slowly up again.

The crowd buzzed with admiration, though some of the animals looked cross.

"Of course she's hanging to something," an angry monkey cried. Scuttling out on a branch, he reached down, and all at once the spider began to leap up and down.

"It's a thread that she's hanging by!" the monkey cried. "See, I'm joggling it!"

"But she's wonderful all the same," a wise crow said firmly.

The third contest was to prove which animal was the strongest.

"I am the strongest of course," trumpeted an elephant. "Don't I carry my own trunk?" He seemed to think that that proved his strength better than anything else. "What other animal is so strong as to carry his own trunk everywhere he goes?" he kept repeating.

The crows were nodding in agreement when all at once some one cried, "Make way for the snail!"

A little snail advanced very slowly to the centre of the show ring and stopped.

"I carry a trunk everywhere I go," the elephant repeated loudly as he caught sight of the newcomer.

"I carry a house everywhere I go," squeaked the snail.

"Well, upon my word!" roared the lion, for he saw that the crows were craning their necks and chattering. "How many more plucky little creatures are going to enter this contest?"

The fourth and last exhibition was a jumping contest. A kangaroo, a hare and several other animals rushed forward and took their places. At the word "Go!" each of them gave a tremendous leap.

But at the same instant something else gave a leap—a very small something, but it knew how to jump. When the kangaroo and the hare landed side by side a few yards from the starting line, that little something landed far ahead of them. It was a slim, long-legged grasshopper, who sat and chirped with triumph right under the noses of the astonished onlookers.

All the large animals were very angry. They saw plainly that the butterfly, the spider, the snail and the grasshopper had gained the day, and they set up a loud clamor.

But the crows stood firm. "We are sorry for you," those wise birds said, "but these little animals certainly seem to have won the prize."

"Then give it to them, the scrappy little things!" the lion said in a loud voice.

The other animals looked cross. "Scrappy little things!" they echoed with scorn.

The chimpanzee in the tree seemed pleased; he squeaked with delight and made wonderful faces.

It was the lion's business, of course, to cut the string and divide the shells among the winners, but he was so angry with the crows for their decision that he tossed the shells into the ring, where they caught on a little clump of weeds an inch or two from the ground. The crows did not know how to help, and so for a while it looked as if the small winners would have to go away without their prize.

But the little creatures had won the prize, and they were going to have it. If they could

Twinkle Time

Verses and Drawing by
Melcena Burns Denny

Evening time is twinkle time.
Yellow candlelight
Twinkles through our open
door
Out into the night.

Now the evening primrose
buds
Flicker in the gloom;
Fairy moths on twinkling
wings
Fly from bloom to bloom.

Swallows twinkle high and
low
Through the dusky air;
Twinkling little fireflies
Glimmer everywhere.

Twinkling stars are in the sky.
Blinking at the moon.
Merry crickets in the weeds
Sing a twinkling tune.

Best of all, at twinkle time
Yellow candlelight
Twinkles through the door of
home,
Out upon the night.



not get the string cut, then they would somehow manage to carry it away as it was.

The butterfly flew to the ground, the spider climbed down her airy staircase, the snail and the grasshopper came nearer. They met beside a clump of weeds. All the other animals drew back and watched.

After the four winners had talked earnestly among themselves they seemed to agree on a plan. The spider became very busy; she seemed to be twisting the threads of her spinning round the string of shells. A long time went by, but the large animals, full of curiosity, stayed on, staring.

Finally all four of the prize winners gathered in a group and seemed to be very busy; they bustled and tussled for five minutes beside the clump of weeds. At length the string of shells began to move; slowly it slipped from the clump, slowly it began to trail along the ground.

"It's magic!" cried the large animals. "They're carrying it off by magic!"

"Nothing of the kind," said the oldest crow. "Don't you see what they're doing? The spider has spun a strong harness and hitched the others to the string of shells!"

And that was just what they had done. The butterfly, the snail and the grasshopper were all securely harnessed to the string of shells and were pulling it off. The butterfly flew very carefully and the grasshopper went by hops; both of them got so far ahead of the snail that every other minute they had to stop and wait for him. But the snail did not pause for an instant; he couldn't afford to. Patiently and valiantly he pulled on. As for the spider, she got behind and pushed. Slowly but surely the "scrappy little things," as the lion had called them, carried off their prize.

Nobody knew what they were going to do with it; perhaps they did not know themselves. But off they went with it.

Suddenly the chimpanzee in the tree top began to cheer. And all at once the whole crowd of large animals were so moved with admiration that they forgot their jealousy and broke into loud applause. Even the lion joined in.

"Hurrah for spunky Mrs. Spider!" they yelled. "And the grasshopper and the butterfly. And the game little snail!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

CONCEIT

By Elizabeth Thornton Turner

*The little brown bird, very dainty and wee,
Plays soft on a flute in the top of a tree.
And the big bullfrog (listen!), oh, bumity-bum!*

*Sits deep in a pool
That is gloomy and cool
And plays on a big bass drum.*

*The brown cricket twangs on a banjo with vim;
The small tree toad carries a cornet with him;
And the big bullfrog (listen!), oh, tumity-tum!*

*Sits winking his eyes,
Very solemn and wise,
And plays on a big bass drum.*

*It's a wonderful choir of many a tone,
But the bullfrog has ears for no part but his own.*

He booms from his puddle: "Oh, come, come, come!"

*This music of mine
Is splendid and fine
Ti-rumpty-tum! Tummy-tum-tum!"*

BIRD-WITH-BREAST-OF-FIRE

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

THIS is the way, so the tale runs, that fire came to the Indian people many moons ago. The Indians loved the time of the summer moons, but when the last autumn moon had come and gone and the sky was gray and the wind was loud they wandered here and there and were not so glad. No smoke came from their wigwams; no evening lodge fires burned cheerily to friendly red embers. It was fire that the Indian people lacked; but they did not know that, for they had never seen fire. Still, they knew they wanted something. Shivering, they wandered through cold woods where the little screech owls, which the Indians had named birds-with-a-cry, called back and forth to one another.

One year the forest was very desolate. Snow covered Singing Brook, and ice was thick on Shining Water, the mountain lake. The wild wind rushed in and struck down

tall pine and hemlock trees, its forest friends. Sometimes the wind forgets its friendships, but the trees are always faithful. The wind loves to wander the world over, but the tree is ever a stay-at-home.

The small forest animals, the Little Brothers of the Wood, did not mind the dreary weather, but they felt very sorry for their friends, the Indians. One day they all met under their council tree. One of them had overheard the wind tell the tall pines that high up in the air nearer the sun it was very warm.

"Let us go up to that warm sun," said the Little Brothers, "and bring down a bit of fire to the Indian people."

Each animal wanted to be the one to go on the errand.

"I am very cunning," said the fox. "I can outwit the sun and steal the bit of fire."

"I am the one to do the work," said the beaver. "I will build a house so high that it will reach the sky."

"I can climb highest," said the raccoon. "I will climb to the tree tops and get the fire."

"I can jump highest into the air," said the gray wolf. "Therefore I am the one who should go."

"But I am the fleetest," said the swift-footed deer. "I will run to the end of the sky trail and get the fire as the sun drops down behind the forest trees."

"I am not so swift," said the big black bear, "but I can keep the trail for two suns without growing tired. I will find the trail-where-the-sun-comes-up and get the fire."

They all started off together, each in search of a bit of fire to bring back to the Indian people; and when ten suns had risen and set they met again under the council tree.

The cunning fox had tried in many ways to outwit the sun, but he had failed. The beaver had called all the beavers from miles round, and together they had built a house that reached far up toward the sky. But they could not reach the sun. The gray wolf had climbed to the top of a tall mountain and there leaped high into the air, but he fell back to the earth.

The raccoon had sought out the very highest tree in the big forest, but the sun was far, far away from the very top of it. The fleet-footed deer had run to the end of the sky trail, only to find that the sun was out of sight. The bear found the trail-where-the-sun-comes-up too far away, and so he too came back without the fire.

When the birds heard that the animals had failed to get the fire for the Indian people, they came fluttering to their own council tree. "We have wings; perhaps we can do it," they said. "We will fly to the sun and get the fire."

One by one they set forth; up, up, up they flew, till the air was filled with birds, large and small, some with beautiful feathers, some in sober dress but singing sweetly.

Then one by one the birds came back. A few had grown tired from flying so high and so far; nearly all of them had found the sun too hot; it had burned their heads and hurt their eyes.

But one little brown bird did not turn back with the others. Farther and farther he kept on, straight toward the round, shining sun. There was a large gray cloud in the sky, and he knew the sun would soon hide behind it; faster and faster he flew as the cloud began to cover the sun. He reached the cloud just in time, for it had covered all of the sun except one little speck. Seizing that bright speck in his beak, the little brown bird flew down, down toward the earth. Straight to the lodge he went and laid the speck of fire at the feet of the wise chief. The Indians rejoiced, for they felt the heat from the speck of fire, and they knew that their troubles were over.

But when the little brown bird flew back to his home in the forest he found that a strange thing had happened to him. As he flew through the air with his offering the speck of fire had grown hotter and hotter, until it scorched his breast feathers to a deep red brown, and the feathers on his back were scorched to a darker hue. He sat sadly on a bough of his home tree, and all the other birds gathered round him; each of them offered to give him some of their own feathers, to make him beautiful again.

"Give me new feathers for my back," said the little brown bird, "but I will keep my breast feathers as they are. My red breast will always be a token that I helped to make happy the Indian people, whom I love."

Then each bird gave him new feathers, and he was very beautiful. Brown of back and red of breast, he flew happily all over the land of the Indians, and the Indian people loved him and named him the bird-with-breast-of-fire, but we called him robin redbreast.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS



LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

ARNOLD ADAIR WITH THE ENGLISH ACES

By LAURENCE
LaTOURETTE DRIGGS

Boys will enjoy this new book of the further flying exploits of the popular hero of "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace."

Illustrated. \$1.75.

FUR SIGN By HAL G. EVARTS

The interesting adventures of two lads from the city slums, as ranchers and trappers. The author knows the woods and animals, and gives a vast amount of valuable information in this story.

Illustrated. \$1.65.

BOY SCOUTS ON SPECIAL SERVICE

By CHARLES H. LERRIGO

The stirring adventures of Billy Ransom, an enthusiastic Boy Scout, while overseas with his father under the Red Cross during the Great War.

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICCOLDY DAN

By EDWIN P. NORWOOD

The wondrous tale of the merriest clown in all the world and his adventures in Circus Land.

Illustrated in colors. \$1.75.

LITTLE WOMEN: or Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy

New Popular Illustrated Edition

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

The finest edition of the most popular of all books for children. With its eight illustrations in full color by Jessie Wilcox Smith, this big book is sure to please.

\$1.50.

For sale at all Booksellers, or of
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

WHITE FIRE



By
ROY J. SNELL

BOYS! Here is an author who has driven dog teams, also reindeer, thousands of miles in midwinter, crossed Bering Strait in a skin boat, drifted toward the North Pole, caught in the ice, hunted polar bear, walrus and whale on the ice floes and the ocean. In *White Fire* he gives you thrilling adventures in the air and on the sea. Mr. Snell's books also have a fine moral spirit—they help boys understand the meaning of life. Don't miss *White Fire*.

Snell Mystery Books for Boys

Triple Spies Lost in the Air
Panther Eye The Crimson Flash
White Fire

ONE DOLLAR A VOLUME
AT ALL BOOK STORES

Publishers—REILLY & LEE—Chicago

If you want to read the funniest
animal story written in a long,
long time, read

THE VOYAGES OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE

By HUGH LOFTING

Author of

"The Story of Doctor Dolittle"

The famous little doctor goes on another amazing voyage. If you read "The Story of Doctor Dolittle" you know what you have in store for you in these new adventures. If you have never heard of the kindly little doctor, you have a real treat ahead of you. *With lots of pictures, \$2.50 per copy. Boxed with "The Story of Doctor Dolittle," \$4.50.*

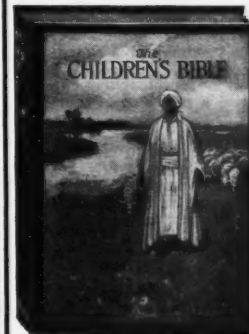
Send for a free 8-page booklet about the Dolittle books, with a cover and full-page illustration specially drawn by Mr. Lofting. Mention *The Youth's Companion*.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
443 Fourth Ave. New York

Books that every child should own

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE

Selections in simple English
by HENRY A. SHERMAN and
CHARLES F. KENT



with thirty beautiful full-page illustrations in full-color and duotone, and with full-color cover and title-page.

A perfect gift, \$3.50.

POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

Selected by BRANDER MATTHEWS, with 14 full-page illustrations in color by N. C. WYETH.

\$3.50.

BANNERTAIL

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

A story of a gray squirrel by the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Illustrated by the author \$2.00.

THE BLACK WOLF PACK

By DAN BEARD

An enthralling story for boys. Illustrated \$1.65.

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

THE CAMPHOR BAG

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin



When knights went singing off to win
A town to put their true love in
Or a kingdom where along the walks
Could bloom the spikes of hollyhocks
They wore the sleeves their ladies gave
To keep them true-blue to the grave;
Sleeves of crimson sewn with light
Of frosty stars on a winter night,
Sleeves of diamonds, sleeves of pearl,
Of turquoise blushing like a girl.
They won their towns, they kept their tryst
Before they turned to dreams and mist.

And when I was a lad and young
And swung my blade as theirs they swung
I had a charm to help me out
In all my errantry about.
Down from my neck upon a string
A camphor bag was proud to swing;
A lady sweeter than the Dame
Alisoun of golden name,
Blanchelys or white Nicolette
Above my heart this favor set.
Mother knew that camphor makes
A shield against the chills and aches
That follow up the wars that lads
Wage in ponds on lily pads.
Unchilled, without a touch of cold,
I won my quests for boyhood gold;
Damp of hands and damp of feet,
I thundered up high Moonbeam Street
Where woe full many a maiden dogs
Encircled round with polliwogs!

Even now when Moonbeam Street lies low
Beneath the mound where lost streets go,
Star Street of old Carcassonne,
Harper's Lane of Ascalon,
I smell the odor that to me
Brings back the gift of heraldry,
The argent dreams a boy has spun,
The gules and or of battles won;
And camphor turns highroads away
Into the lanes of Yesterday,
Where blows a spicy balm more glad
Than all the balms of Gilead,
Where every cow's October breath
Becomes a dragon's hot with death,
And goose tracks are not muddy things,
But footsteps of sore wounded kings,
And, best of all, where she would be,
The flower of my chivalry,
Who held a boy's red heart in thrall,
Dame Mother, loveliest queen of all!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

"WELL, I must be going," said the doctor. "I will see you again in a day or so." The man who was lying worn and exhausted upon the bed seemed to gulp his breath in an effort to take courage. In his eyes was a look both of fear and of hope. "Doctor," he gasped, "is it true that I shall not recover?" The old doctor shook his head gravely. "I can do no more for you," he replied and then added gently, "nor could anyone else." "Then, doctor," the sick man cried earnestly, "can you tell me what comes after death?" "Another life for those that are worthy." "But, doctor, can you not tell me something about it? You are a Christian, they say; what is on the other side? What are we to expect?" Again the old doctor shook his head. "Ah, I fear it is beyond me," he said. "Who knows?" With the words he turned and, opening the door, started to pass through it. But as he did so he heard a rush and a patter of feet, and the next instant a huge dog sprang through the doorway and, pawing eagerly at him, wagged its handsome tail and tried to lick his face in happy welcome.

The doctor turned back to his patient. "Did you see that?" he exclaimed. "To my knowledge that dog has never been in this room till now. There he was on the other side of the door, waiting for it to open; the dog's nature told him that perhaps the one whom he wanted to see was on this side. Then the door opened, and he found his master welcoming him. So, my dear fellow, will it be with you. We know little about the other side of the door, but what we know is enough. The Master will be waiting for us, and He will not fail to make us welcome."

Then the doctor departed; he had left behind him something more healing than all the medicine in the world. His patient could face the other side without fear.

EVA GOES A-CHRISTMASING

EVA ran up to Jean's room and dumped a load of bundles unceremoniously upon Jean's bed.

"I've been Christmasing," she announced. "I've got some of the loveliest things. Look at the cards first; I love buying cards most of all. I'd like to buy a thousand."

"I should think you had, pretty nearly," Jean laughed. "I don't blame you; they are lovely. Only—Eva Brooks, what in the world!"

Eva peered over Jean's shoulder. "Isn't he the most adorable youngster?" she cried. "I simply couldn't resist him."

"But didn't you read it?"

"Certainly not. What's the matter?"

"It says, 'To My Grandson.'"

Eva fell into the chair helpless with laughter. "Did you ever! And I've no doubt I've bought some To My Twin Sister, if there are any. How many of them have I bought, Jean?"

There was no To My Twin Sister, but there were three To My Grandson, two To My Daughter and one to the grandfather whom Eva did not possess. Eva's eyes were dancing.

"Isn't it a good joke on me? One thing is certain. You are going to have one of the grandson ones to pay you for laughing. That's all the cards anyhow. See what I got for Tessie's baby. Isn't it darling?"

"It" was a tiny hood trimmed with swan's-down and was indeed lovely. So was the collar for Tess herself. Then as Jean opened the next box Eva's impatient fingers ran ahead of hers and lifted out a pair of candle shades.

"Aren't they exquisite?" she cried. "They're for Brenda. She loves pretty things for her table."

"But Brenda hates pink," Jean reminded her. Eva's face fell.

"So she does; I forgot. Well then, I can give them to Lottie."

"But Lottie will be abroad for two years."

"Of course! Well then, Alice, or Louise. They're bound to fit some one."

Jean did not dispute her. Neither Alice nor Louise possessed candlesticks, but it was more than a question of one pair of candle shades.

"Eva dear, if you'd only plan your list first! Every year you waste dollars in cards and gifts that don't fit. You don't know how much you would save yourself."

"Haven't the time," Eva declared gayly. "Some one'll take them off my hands, you see if they don't. If you knew how to take a hint, you'd offer yourself! There, I can't stop another moment. Come over next week; I'll have more things. If only," and a touch of wistfulness crossed the merry face, "I had money for half I'd like to do!"

"And she never sees any connection," Jean sighed to herself. Then she began to laugh. She was thinking of the card she was to receive, To My Grandson!

IN A TIGER TRAP

THE eager optimism of the prospector dies hard. Every now and then you hear of a man, like the man whom Mr. Frank H. Buck describes in Asia, who allows nothing to discourage him—neither jungles nor tigers nor tiger traps.

The last time I was in Batavia, Java, writes Mr. Buck, I met a friend of mine at the Harmony Club. He is half Dutch and half English, one of those adventurous spirits who wander up and down the highways of Asia. As he held out his hand and came to greet me I was shocked to notice that he had a wooden leg. His left leg had been amputated above the knee.

"How in the world did that happen?" I asked sympathetically.

We sat down and he told me his story. "You remember," he said, "that when I ran into you two years ago in Belawan Deli I was on my way across Sumatra, prospecting for minerals and oil. Well, I didn't find much oil, but there were plenty of tigers and other big game; so I eked out a rather precarious existence by shooting and trapping. One of my chief sources of income was the bounty on tigers in the new rubber and tobacco districts—fifty guilders apiece."

"I was living for a short time in a small clearing on the outskirts of the jungle, a considerable distance northeast of Padang. Every day I visited a line of tiger traps that I had strung out through the jungle. One evening before sunset I decided to visit a trap within a mile of my camp. My 'boys' had all disappeared to attend the marriage feast of a village headman. I was foolhardy to go alone into the jungle at that hour, but a tiger had been reported in the neighborhood, and I wanted to see if I had had any luck. I needed it."

"In approaching the set, which was concealed under dry leaves and loose earth, I miscalculated and stepped right into the trap. It snapped immediately and caught me just below the knee. The tremendous force of the spring flung me flat on the ground, and as I fell my rifle slipped out of my hand. The sharp teeth cut my flesh to the bone. I pushed my free foot against the spring of the trap and struggled and struggled to force it open, but the steel jaws were relentless."

"Night came on swiftly as it does in the jungle.—no twilight and no moon.—and I was still struggling. The mosquitoes buzzed round me, and, worse than the mosquitoes, myriad jungle ants, drawn by the smell of blood, swarmed over my leg and dug into my flesh. I was frantic. I wanted to die; but there was my rifle just out of reach. I clawed and clawed desperately, trying to get it so that I could blow my brains out. Then I saw a heavy stick close to me. I tried to club myself over the head with it, but the stick, which was rotten, broke in two. I ground my teeth and wept. My death was to be slow and terrible. I screamed and screamed until I thought my lungs would burst. But no one could hear head mocked me with their insane chatter. Millions of insects buzzed round me in the blackness. I heard the distant croaking of frogs, the scurrying of small animals across the leaves, and always there was the insistent gnawing of the

jungle ants. I heard crashing through the trees, and once I saw two red eyes glittering a few feet away. I could not tell whether an elephant or a man-eating tiger had scented me. For a second my heart beat wildly. I wanted to die, but somehow not that way."

"I don't know how long I lay there helpless, unable even to writhe, before I lost consciousness. I did not know anything until I found myself several weeks later in the hospital in Batavia. My 'boys' had returned in the early morning and had started to search for me. They finally found me and took me back to camp. I was raving mad. They took me by boat and oxcart to Palembang, where my leg was roughly amputated, and then on to Batavia, where I could get good hospital care."

"Well, old chap, you've had enough, haven't you?" I asked, horrified at the experience my friend had gone through. "You aren't going out to prospect again?"

"Enough! What do you mean, enough?" He was indignant. "I've just heard of a gold strike in Borneo. I'm outfitting now and leave next week for Banjarmasin."

EGG-LAYING ANIMALS

NATURE has a collection of animal oddities so rare as seldom if ever to be seen inside a zoo. For example, there is the duckbill, an oddity surely since it is a mammal that lays eggs and hatches its young.

The duckbill is a survivor of one of the earliest types of animal to live on this earth. It is virtually a water animal and makes its home in burrows along the banks of the smaller rivers and streams of Australia, New Guinea and Tasmania. One entrance to the home of the duckbill is always under water, another is from a grassy field. Far back in the burrow in a nest carefully bedded with grass is where the duckbill lays its eggs. It is believed that the eggs,



The duckbill

which are less than an inch long, require no incubation, or "setting," as the eggs of a bird do, but that they hatch almost immediately after being laid. The young are born blind and hairless; the bill, which is a prominent characteristic of the older animal, is soft at birth. As soon as the young are hatched they roll themselves into a ball and spend most of their time in sleep. The body of a full-grown duckbill is approximately twenty inches long and is flat and oval; the hair is coarse and thick. The animal has no visible ears, and the eyes are very small.

Other interesting physical characteristics of the creature are its well-developed bill, its webbed feet and a spear of horn that grows on one of the hind feet of the male. The horn connects with a poison gland and serves as part of the animal's means of defense. When attacked the duckbill drives the horn into an enemy and injects the poison into the wound. The forefeet are particularly interesting; although they are webbed for swimming, the animal can fold the webbing back at will and leave five powerful claws exposed either for defense or for burrowing.

Like many animals—the squirrel, for example—the duckbill is equipped with cheek pouches in



The echidna

which to store food that it gathers after dark, for the duckbill is a creature of the night. The young duckbill has teeth, but as the animal grows they disappear, and in their place grow horny plates for grinding the food.

Another egg-laying mammal is the echidna; it also is found in Australia, and particularly in the Arfak Mountains of New Guinea. Like the duckbill, it is of early origin. The eggs of the echidna are small and have a tough, leathery shell. As soon as they are laid they are put into a pouch like that of the kangaroo, and there the young animals hatch. Immediately after hatching the young echidna does not measure much more than three quarters of an inch and is quite helpless. The young animals remain in the pouch until they are at least three or four inches long.

A full-grown echidna is about the size of an American hedgehog, and the body is covered with short soft hair interspersed with long hard spines that form a means of defense. Except that the

spines are barbed they resemble those of a porcupine. Again like the duckbill, the echidna makes its home in a burrow and is a creature of the night. It lives entirely on insects, chiefly ants, and so is classed as an anteater. It has strong claws that tear open the ant nests and a long, tapering snout, no teeth and a long tongue with which it licks up the ants and other insects.

STRUGGLING WITH THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

CURIOSLY naive and innocent was the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, who was Bishop of London twenty years ago and more. Dr. Creighton once visited this country and became very well acquainted with the family of Professor Child of Harvard University, by whom he was entertained. Rev. Francis S. Child, a son of Professor Child, recalls some amusing stories about the good bishop.

On one occasion he had been visiting Stockbridge in the Berkshire Hills. Returning to Professor Child's home in Cambridge, he said, "Professor, you are the leading American authority on language and literature; what is the American word 'two yaw'?" I saw it twice from your Albany Railroad."

"Ask my son; he goes up and down to the Berkshire Hills many times each year," replied Professor Child.

After asking Dr. Creighton a few questions, the son explained that there were then two old stations still standing, one at Becket and one at Washington; on the inside of the transom over the front door facing the tracks was painted "Way out." The good bishop had read the words backward.

"Ah, my dear sir," he said, "I am very much obliged, you know; I shall put it down in my notebook to tell Her Majesty the Queen. It is very wonderful!"

Miss Helen Child, the professor's eldest daughter, visited Bishop Creighton at his London residence. One day at dinner—King George and Queen Mary, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were present—Dr. Creighton turned to Miss Child and said, "Ah, Miss Child, the Prince and Princess are very anxious to hear you speak American, you know, same as you do in the bosom of your family at home when we English, you know, are not visiting you."

"But, my Lord Bishop," said Miss Child, "we always speak only king's English in our home."

"Ah, Miss Child, but you're fooling me, you know," was Dr. Creighton's reply.

Miss Child finally discovered that Dr. Creighton really thought that all Bostonians and Harvard professors spoke "Biglow Papers" talk in the bosom of their families.

WHY MR. PEASLEE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS

DEACON HYNNE, accompanying Caleb Peaslee down to the village, made an unusually long step, staggered a trifle and then with the help of his cane regained step with his companion. Caleb looked inquiringly backward.

"What was it you stubbed your toe over, Hyne?" he asked. "I didn't notice anything."

"Didn't stub my toe," answered the deacon briefly. "It was a toad, and I didn't want to step on him; I made a long step to fetch clear of him."

"One of your signs, I s'pose," said Caleb, grinning. "Bad luck or somethin' like that—that I'd want to hurt a toad myself."

"Laugh, if you want to," the deacon said stubbornly, "but anybody that's ever took any notice of signs knows that no good luck ever comes of steppin' on a toad."

"I never claimed any good luck come of it," Caleb replied easily, "but no bad luck neither—less'n you're thinkin' of the toad's mebbe?"

Deacon Hyne snorted impatiently. "As for not takin' any notice of signs," continued Caleb after a short silence, "there was a time once when I had a good chance to take notice of 'em and of how they worked out. Want I should tell you 'bout it?"

The deacon humped his shoulders. "I might's well listen fust as last," he replied ungraciously. "I shan't get any rest till I do."

"All right," said Caleb, beaming. "I'll tell you long's you're so pressin'. It's about Aunt Lyddy Chapin; she was a firm b'liever in signs—mebbe as firm as you be, Hyne, but where your signs seem to me to be mostly about bad luck Aunt Lyddy's were more apt to be signs of good things goin' to happen to her. "Fust I ever noticed to be appraisin' over 'em was one day I was goin' down to the village, and I met her jest beyond that yaller birch tree at the top of the long hill. Fore I got up to her I could see she was smilin' and tickled over somethin', and when I got up with her I spoke about how happy she was lookin' and how glad I was to see her so pleased."

"I got a good right to look tickled," she says, confident like. "I'd no more'n left the house fore I met right in the road a strange white cat with one blue eye—one of the best signs of good luck I'm knowin' to," she says, and with that she kept on down the road, happy as a rabbit."

"It was a master hot day," Caleb continued, "and a piece further 'long Aunt Lyddy leaned against the fence in a shady place to rest up a mite, but it happened that right where she leaned was a hornets' nest, and she must have jogged the bush a little. Anyway, fore she could gather

GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS



PARCHEESI

Be sure to get a game and teach the youngsters. Sold everywhere or sent prepaid for

\$1.00

MIRACULUM

Bewildering and perplexing. The Magic Hand does the work in a mysterious manner. At Toy Stores or sent prepaid for 50c

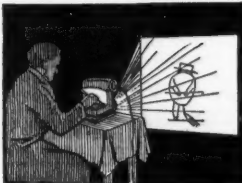


THE ILLUMINATOR ARTIST

ELECTRIC

Can be used as a Magic Lantern. Children can draw their own slides with this interesting machine. Fully Equipped. Sent prepaid for

\$2.75



SELCHOW & RIGHTER CO.

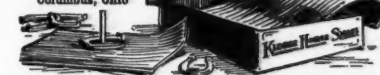
620 BROADWAY

NEW YORK



Kiddie Horse Shoes
Great for Grown-Ups too!
HOORAY! It's a ringer! Here's the biggest dollar's worth of fun you can buy—Kiddie Horse Shoes. Can be played in any room—by anybody. The shoes are perfectly balanced miniatures—attractively finished in oven-baked enamel. The three-inch pegs stand up in the center of heavy rubber mats that catch the shoes as they are thrown—and hold 'em. Ask for this interesting, skill-requiring game at hardware or department stores—or, put a dollar bill in an envelope with your name and address and the words KIDDIE HORSE SHOES—and we'll send you a set by return mail, postpaid. Write today!

The Luft Novelty Co.
262 North 19th St.
Columbus, Ohio



PRESERVE THE COMPLETE

VOLUMES OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

for the coming generation. Have them bound in Buckram at \$2.00 per volume by the

NATIONAL LIBRARY BINDERY CO.

Springfield, Mass. Atlanta, Ga. Cleveland, Ohio
728 Myrick Bldg. 137 W. Peachtree St. 1945 E. 66th St.
Send by parcel post to our Bindery located nearest to you.



BURROWES

JUNIOR POOL TABLES

\$4.50—\$7.00—\$20.00—\$40.00 and up
Magnificently made, in all sizes; portable, can be used in any room, set up or put out of the way in a minute. Quickly leveled. Over 100,000 in use. Wonderful amusement for all the family. Home practice will make you expert. At your dealers, or write for Catalog to E. T. Burrowes Co., 7 Brown St., Portland, Maine

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Cure," bound in cloth and stamped in pure gold. Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering, stuttering, etc. No sing-song or time beat. Write today. The North-Western School, 2342 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Ointment Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.
Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

herself and get out they'd stung her shameful—she was abed three-four days, and it was a week 'fore she could see much to speak of.

"'Nother time, one morning when I was goin' past her house, and she was out by the gate, lookin' kind of tickled and kind of scared both together mixed like, I halted to see what it was that was botherin' her, if anything, and what she was tickled over too.

"'It's a snake,' she says when I asked her. She had a broom in her hand, and she measured off better'n three foot on the handle. 'He's as long as that,' s'she, 'and he's gone into that hole under the doortun. I d'know whether to be glad or sorry he's there,' she says. 'It's an awful good sign to have a snake harbor under a pusson's house, but on the other hand I'm timid of snakes, and he's a dretful slick, unlikely lookin' critter; I d'know how I'm goin' to dast go down cellar whilst he's there!'

"But after a spell she did go down, and she was standin' on a stool, reachin' up onto a shelf after some p'serve jars, when the first thing she touched was that good-luck snake coiled up on the shelf. She screeched and jumped and fell off'n the stool and stuck out her hand to save herself, and her thumb struck fust on the cellar bottom and broke short. Jed Piper heard her screech and run in and helped her upstairs, and when he found out what the matter was he plugged the hole outside and went down and routed the snake out and killed it. That made two signs I took notice of that summer!

"There was more of 'em, running along over a few weeks; some of 'em didn't seem to have much 'sults one way or the other, but one more I want to speak of special. Aunt Lyddy had always claimed it was the greatest of good luck for an owl to come and light on a pusson's buildings, but it had never happened to her, much as she'd wished for it. One night, though, one of these brown owls did come and light on her ell, and it sot her up so that she felt moved to light a lamp and go to look for it and listen to it hoot. But climbin' the stairs into the ell part, she tripped over a roll of rag carpet she'd left on the stairs, and down she come—lamp, carpet, Aunt Lyddy and all!

"As you might look for it to, the lamp sot the place afire, but some of the neighbors got there and put it out 'fore it did much damage. Cy Bevin's was the first one there. He'd been kep' awake by the owl hootin', so he was all ready to start, 's you might say.

"I went in to see her where she was layin' on a sofa in the settin' room, and I f'got my manners enough to take issue over an owl bein' lucky, particular in her case.

"But you don't look at it right,' s'she. 'If that owl hadn't been there his hootin' wouldn't have kept Cy awake, and my house might have burnt down like 'nough. Lookin' at it that way, wouldn't you call it lucky?'

"And," concluded Mr. Peaselee, "I hadn't the heart to p'int out to her that only for the owl she wouldn't have been up there with a lamp, and there wouldn't have been any fire. When a pusson b'lieves in signs, what's the use of arguin'?"

But the deacon, with his mouth set firm, refused to reply.

SOME REAL HORSES

EPITAPHS on horses are less familiar than epitaphs on dogs. There are a number of famous epitaphs on dogs, of which perhaps the most renowned is Byron's upon Boatswain. Horses that were just horses, friendly, serviceable and beloved, are less often granted a permanent memorial than the more intimate and companionable "friend of man" is. Horses that have been so honored have usually been race horses or else chargers ridden in war. It has remained for our riders of the Western ranges, whose horses are to them often as partner, horse and dog rolled into one, to erect here and there to the memory of some of these good friends monuments of appealing and quaint simplicity. Mr. Paul A. Rollins, in a recent article on the cowboy, gives a few examples. Here are three:

JIM
a real hors
Oct 1, 82

Could anything be more simple and adequate? But the owner of another "reel hors" felt the need of a superlative.

HERE LIES "I'M HERE"
The very best of Cow Ponies
A Gallant Little Gentleman
Died on this Spot, Sept. 3, 1870

Another bereaved cowboy grew yet more eloquent:

HERE LIES "WHAT NEXT"
Born — 1886, at —
Died July 16, 1892, near Ft. Washakie, Wyo.
He had the Body of a Horse
The Spirit of a Knight
and
The Devotion of the Man
Who Erected This Stone

WHAT ARE PARTIES FOR?

"WELL, Frank, so you went to your first party today," said the boy's father, drawing his young son to him. "Where was it; at Billy Mason's? I suppose you had a great time, didn't you?"

Frank nodded vigorously.

"What games did you play?"

Frank gave a detailed account.

"What did you have to eat?"

The boy looked at his father in amazement.

"What did I have to eat?" he replied. "Why, dad, I didn't have to eat anything. I wanted to!"



Flexible Flyer Days Are Here!

Crisp, bracing, tingling days that stir the red blood in your veins—when all outdoors beckon and the snow-covered hills invite you and your Flexible Flyer.

Any boy can tell you that Flexible Flyer is the strongest, speediest sled. Its hollow-grooved, non-skid, steel runners glide straight and true as a sharp skate, without side-slipping or slowing up. Steering gear responds like a flash, making high speed in "traffic" safe. Outlasts 3 ordinary sleds. Ask your dealer for a cardboard model or write us for it.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.

Dept 27. 5th and Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

Flexible Flyer

The Original Steering Sled



Look for this Flying Eagle Trade Mark

All-steel front acts as shock absorber

Easier to steer

Grooved non-skid runners



Radio

WIRELESS TELEPHONE
WIRELESS TELEGRAPH
EQUIPMENT

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Chicago Fort Worth Kansas City Portland, Ore. Saint Paul

Radio

Catalogue

FREE

One copy of this complete Catalogue of Radio Outfits, parts, Dictionary of Radio Terms, Instruction Book, and Guide to Successful Radio Work—one copy is yours free.

Simply write us a post card and we will mail the complete book to you Free, by return mail.

It quotes the lowest prices, amazingly low prices on everything for the expert and the amateur. Every improved part, the most up-to-date outfits, everything that is needed of the most modern type—at the lowest possible prices.

It gives a list of broadcasting stations, and gives much information about radio construction and operation. Every one interested in Radio needs this complete catalogue and book of instruction.

Why Pay Higher Prices?

Montgomery Ward & Co. has for fifty years dealt on a Money-Back basis, absolutely guaranteeing everything they sell. With quality absolutely assured, why pay higher prices elsewhere? Write today for this Free Radio Book and see for yourself the Saving it will bring you. One copy is yours Free. You need only write us a post card.

Write to the house nearest you
Address Department 7-R
Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Fort Worth Portland, Ore.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Montgomery Ward & Co.
The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

MAKE YOUR GIFT not merely for the day, but for profit and pleasure through the year. Day or night, rain or sunshine, summer and winter an Aeriotone Radio Set brings music, lectures, news. Any young man will appreciate this latest and most fascinating invention of science.



AN Aeriotone
is
THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

It is an unusually fine, clear-toned receiving set. Exclusive features include the patented enclosed crystal detector, extra sensitive headphones, condensate panel, etc. The outfit comes ready for use and complete, there is nothing more to buy. Regardless of price, there is no better crystal set; and you could not build so good an outfit as cheaply as we sell this.

For illustrated folder and price today send your address on a postcard to
THE AERIOTONE COMPANY
1101 Pioneer Bldg., Saint Paul, Minn.

Big Money for Skunk!

SHIP ALL FURS TO FUNSTEN

For 41 Years The World's Leading Fur House

Trap Bargains!

No. 1 Special	1.49
No. 2 Special	1.49
No. 1 Coil Spring	1.49
No. 2 Coil Spring	1.49
No. 1 Victor	2.13
No. 1 Jump	2.63
No. 1 Newhouse	2.66
No. 1 Newhouse	5.68
Triple Grip Jaws	\$1.25 doz. pr.
"Little Scout" Rifle	\$4.45 each

FUNSTEN ANIMAL BAIT
A bigger catch guaranteed. State kind wanted. Per can — **\$1.00**
3 cans for **\$2.50**. Postpaid

FUNSTEN BROS. & CO.
391 Funsten Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE Radio Catalog

Our big stock of standard makes of radio sets, parts and supplies, fully illustrated. Play safe—buy standard equipment from a reliable house. We ship from stock.

Send \$6.50 for genuine Westinghouse WD-11 "peanut" tube—no storage battery needed. 60 cents extra for socket. Wonderful results.

JULIUS ANDRAE & SONS CO.
In Business Since 1860
122 Michigan Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

MECHANIC'S POCKET SECRETARY 25c

Constructed of finest steel. Just push the button and out comes the article you require. Worth \$1.00. Postpaid

Adjustable in 1
Pencil, pen, paper knife, ink eraser, pencil sharpener, nail file, and cleaner, mechanic's marking attachment, foot rule.

Get One Today
Universal Co., Box 553, Stamford, Conn.

BACK NUMBERS

We will send a Companion Home Calendar for 1923 to anyone who will send us any of these copies of The Youth's Companion dated Aug. 4, 1910, May 4, 1911, Mar. 5, 1914, May 7, 1914, Oct. 1, 1914, July 15, 1915, Nov. 11, 1915, Aug. 12, 1915, Dec. 23, 1915.

PERRY MASON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH COLONY STAMPS FREE:
Beautiful Set Pictures, Wild Native Chiefs, Animals. Big list 2c. postage. Empire Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

"BUT you can mend it so easily," Merle said cheerfully. "Just a couple of yards of chiffon —"

Jane's hands, holding the rain-spotted foulard, dropped to her sides. "Merle Conway," she declared, "if I didn't love you so much I should hate you!"

"But why —"

"And moreover," Jane interrupted, "if something doesn't happen to you soon, some downright bad luck that will bowl over that everlasting cheerfulness of yours, I'll hate you anyway."

Merle's face was a mixture of conflicting emotions. "But I was just trying to help you out. You surely didn't want me to 'poor thing' you!"

"Yes, I did," Jane retorted. "That is exactly what I wanted. I wanted you to feel that it was something really worthy of tears to have your most beloved gown spotted the second time you wore it in public."

"The way I feel," Merle explained, "there are just two kinds of misfortunes—those that are your own fault and those that are not. If they are your fault, stand up and take your medicine; and if they aren't, think how noble it is to be unconquered by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. I'm only treating you as I treat myself. I'll come over Monday and help you mend your gown."

"I know you will. You're a dear. The only fault you have is that you're too cheerful a dear at times. If only you could have just one day of unalloyed misfortune till you wanted to weep and weep!"

"What a picture from a true friend!" Merle laughed. "I'll be over Monday. And don't forget that you are to come over early for my surprise party for mother tomorrow. Come at three; mother'll be less likely to suspect anything."

At three o'clock Jane opened the Conways' door. There was no one in Merle's room, or in the front of the house, or in the kitchen; a strange sound from the pantry made Jane stop abruptly. She pushed open the door. It was true! Huddled in a little heap, Merle was crying just like anyone else.

"Merle, what is the matter?" Jane cried anxiously. "Your mother —"

Merle waved her arm. "That's the matter. The cake tin had a hole in it, and my first cake ran out. And the second failed—for the first time in my life! And when I went for the candle holders half of them had disappeared. And I smashed one of mother's gold-band plates, and my organdie came back from the laundry with the belt shrunk so that I can't wear it today; and everything's gone wrong from beginning to end, and I hope you're satisfied!"

"You poor thing!" Jane cried. "But don't worry. I have a sash that will match your organdie, and I have heaps of candle holders; and by sheer luck I baked a cake today, and it's perfect if I do say so. I'll run home and get the things this minute."

At the door she looked back mischievously. "How I love you, Merle!" she cried.

A GENTLE SAVAGE

CANNIBALS are not always the fierce warriors we imagine them to be. So at least Herman Melville tells us in Typee, that delightful story of the South Seas. As an example of a gentle man-eater he mentions Marheyo, an eccentric old man at whose house he stayed during his four months of captivity among barbarians in the valley of Typee.

Frequently, says Mr. Melville, you might have seen Marheyo taking a nap in the sun at noonday or a bath in the stream at midnight. Once I beheld him eight feet from the ground in the tuft of a coconut tree, smoking, and often I saw him standing up to the waist in water, engaged in plucking out the stray hairs of his beard; he used a piece of mussel shell for tweezers. I remember in particular his having a choice pair of ear ornaments that were made from the teeth of some sea monster. He would alternately wear them and take them off at least fifty times in the course of a day; on each occasion he would go to and come from his little hut with all the tranquillity imaginable. Sometimes, slipping the ornaments through the slits in his ears, he would seize his spear and go stalking beneath the shadows of the neighboring groves, as if he were about to meet some hostile cannibal knight. But he would soon return again and, hiding his weapon under the projecting eaves of the house and rolling his clumsy trinkets carefully into a piece of tapa, would resume his more pacific operations as quietly as if he had never interrupted them.

HE WOULD NOT BE SHUFFLED OFF

AN old Scotchman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, says the Forecast, and there was little hope of his recovering. Relatives had wheeled him into making a will and had gathered at his bedside to watch him as he laboriously signed it. He got as far as D-a-v-i and then fell back exhausted.

"D, Uncle David, d," exhorted a nephew.

"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot feebly but with indignation. "I'll not dee until I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 SHOES FOR MEN and WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes for style, material and workmanship are unequalled for the price. It is worth while for you to know that when you buy W. L. Douglas shoes you are getting the benefit of his forty years experience in making the best shoes possible for the price.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are always worth the price paid for them. Wear them and save money. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are sold in 110 of our own stores in the large cities and by shoe dealers everywhere. Ask your shoe dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. Only by examining them can you appreciate their value. Refuse substitutes. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the retail price and the name stamped on the sole. The retail prices are the same everywhere.

If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
187 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Boys Shoes \$4.00 & \$4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole.

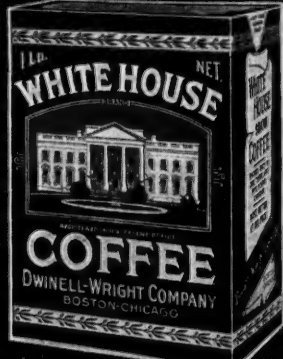
DEPENDABLE as daylight

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

has been produced by the same process and with the same expert care for so many years that it has become absolutely standard and can always be depended on to produce the satisfying beverage—Coffee.

White House Teas are unsurpassed by any teas at any price. Five favorite varieties in 1-4 and 1-2 lb. sealed canisters.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
Principal Coffee Roasters BOSTON—CHICAGO



BOYS! A REAL RADIO SET ABSOLUTELY FREE

RUSH your name and address and we will tell you HOW you can earn this RADIO SET ABSOLUTELY FREE by selling fine candies. RADIO SET comes to you complete, with single slide tuning coil, crystal detector and phone condenser, AND DOUBLE HEAD PHONES. No batteries required; no experience. Write Today for Free Radio Plan.

HOME SUPPLY CO.,
131 Duane St., Dept. 255, New York City

Don't Wear a Truss

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper size and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks Appliance Co., 470-T State St., Marshall, Mich.

Earn \$1.00 After School XMAS MONEY

comes easy. Our extra quality packages of 48 Xmas cards, tags, seals, stickers at 10c. sell to everybody. Boys and girls are easily earning \$1 after school or \$5 on Saturday. Send for 55 packages to begin. After selling send \$1.50; keep \$1.00. We trust you. Act quick—you'll sell a lot.

NEW ENGLAND PAPER CO., Mill Y, Barton, Vt.

READ The Magazine That Discovered "Pollyanna"

The Christian Herald

Editor, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "In His Steps"

The weekly family paper that should be in every Christian home! Enjoy the clean fascinating stories, timely articles, stirring sermons (famous ever since T. DeWitt Talmage was editor), weekly review of world news and wonderful realistic Travel Stories, that, in fancy, carry you to Palestine, to Syria, to Egypt, to India and other far-away lands.

Youth's Companion (52 issues)	\$2.50	CLUB PRICE Both for \$3.75
Christian Herald (52 issues)	\$2.00	
Regular Price	\$4.50	Save \$0.75

Youth's Companion AND Christian Herald

BOTH with American Magazine	3 for \$6.25
BOTH with Etude (music)	3 for \$5.50
BOTH with McCall's	3 for \$4.50
BOTH with Modern Priscilla	3 for \$4.95
BOTH with Pathfinder	3 for \$4.50
BOTH with People's Home Journal	3 for \$4.50
BOTH with Pictorial Review	3 for \$4.50
BOTH with Review of Reviews	3 for \$6.50
BOTH with Today's Housewife	3 for \$4.25
BOTH with Woman's Home Comp.	3 for \$5.25

Send all subscriptions to
Dept. B YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Electricity

Practical Course in the Great Shops of Corne. Complete in 34 months. Enter anytime. Day or evening. Earn your own way. Drafting—Radio included. SEND FOR BIG FREE CATALOG!

Corne Engineering School—Dept. 2397
1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Illinois

Ship furs

Split your next shipment skin for skin grade for grade. Send one half to the house you've been shipping to and the other half to Fouke at once. See how much more you get from Fouke. Let the checks tell the story. You will get a whole lot more for the furs you ship to Fouke, you can bet your bottom dollar on that. "Prices don't mean nuthin'"—it's the grading that counts and Fouke grading always makes your fur checks bigger. SHIP NOW!

Order traps and baits now. Send coupon below at once, for lowest prices on trappers supplies, get free samples NOXENT (kills human scent) and REMOV-A-SMEL (destroys skunk smells instantly). Get free Trapper's Farder showing all kinds of traps and new paste baits, game laws, how to trap and grade furs. We keep you posted on fur market all season. ALL FREE! SEND COUPON TODAY TO

FOUKE

FUR CO. 676 FOUKE
ST. LOUIS, MO.

-----FOUKE FUR COMPANY-----
676 Fouke Building, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me samples of NOXENT and REMOV-A-SMEL,
"Trapper's Farder," and tags. Keep me posted on
the fur market all season. ALL FREE.

Name _____
Town _____ State _____ R.F.D. _____ Box _____

Stop Using a Truss



STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being mechanico-chemical applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the public bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.

Soft as velvet—easy to apply— inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on Coupon and send TODAY. FREE

PLAPAO CO., 977 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Name _____
Address _____
Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao.



WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks
\$195 to \$190
A MONTH
Franklin Institute, Dept. L230, Rochester, N.Y.
Sirs: Send me without charge:
(1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination question (2) schedule showing places of all coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) list of many Government jobs now obtainable.
Name _____
Address _____

Successful Treatment of Asthma

The demand for Dr. Hayes' book describing the new and successful method of relieving and curing Asthma and Hay-Fever has been so great that a new edition of one hundred thousand has just been put to press. Dr. Hayes is distributing the book free to all sufferers and if you want a copy send a two-cent stamp with name and address at once to P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin Y-222. Reports from cases treated the past few years show that the disease does not return.

CLASS PINS
FREE CATALOG GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL OR CLUB AND NUMBER IN CLASS
Either pin illustrated made with any 8 letters and figures, one or two colors enamel. Silver plate, 20¢ ea., \$2.00 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write for catalog 2¢ of sterling and solid gold pins and rings.
Bastian Bros. Co. 405 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY
Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10¢ a set. When sold, send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. W. NEUBECKER, 961 East 23d Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The DOG LOVERS' LIBRARY
Is a new and special selection of twenty of the best Dog Stories ever written. You surely will want to read our offer. Big descriptive circular is free. Write for it today. Miami Publishing Co., Dayton, Ohio



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Its subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter. Renewal Payment should be sent directly to this office and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber. Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe. Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done. Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them. Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to **PERRY MASON COMPANY** The Youth's Companion Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

VINCENT'S ANGINA

VINCENT'S angina is a painful and serious affection of the throat. It may attack the tonsils and all adjacent mucous membrane and may even spread to the larynx, to the trachea and to the bronchi. The disease has two forms. One is the membranous type, in which a membrane somewhat resembling that of diphtheria is formed. The other, which is much the more serious, goes on to ulceration.

The ulceration, if not vigorously combated and checked, may extend through the mucous membrane and attack the tissues; in very severe cases it may extend into the muscular tissue. In the ulcerative type, and even in the membranous type if long continued, the lymph glands usually are involved.

The symptoms of the disease vary according to the type that it belongs to and with the severity of the attack, but in an ordinary case they resemble those of an attack of pharyngitis. In the membranous type the symptoms are usually mild and consist of throat dryness, a feeling of weakness, headache and offensive breath. If the area of membrane involved is very large, or if the attack is of the ulcerative type, all of those symptoms are more marked; the temperature may run up to 103° or so; the act of swallowing will become intensely painful; there will be marked and annoying increase in the secretion of the saliva; and with ulceration the breath will become extremely foul.

At the outset of an attack diphtheria may be suspected, but the appearance of the membrane will make the diagnosis clear. In diphtheria the membrane is dirty gray and is very tenacious, whereas in Vincent's angina it is white and is easily removed. In an uncomplicated case the prognosis is good; the simple membranous type will generally begin to clear up in two or three days, although if it is spread over a wide area or goes on to ulceration, a long time—weeks or even months—may pass before recovery is complete. The complications of mixed infection may lead to trouble with the nasal cavity or the sinuses and to middle-ear trouble through the Eustachian tubes.

The treatment varies with the severity of the infection, but in many cases treatment must be vigorous in order to prevent spreading and resultant complications. In any case it will take the form of such local applications as the physician in charge may determine, and he of course will apply them.

A FRANK INTRODUCTION

A CERTAIN gentleman in London used to entertain a great deal. Every Friday night, writes Mr. G. B. Burgin in his Memoirs of a Clubman, he would invite us to meet some celebrity at his house. Sometimes, however, the gentleman would forget and ask two social lions for the same evening; then something amusing might happen.

One night a bronzed and bearded solitary man, very much bored, was sitting on a divan in the charming Japanese room at the end of the host's suite. Another bronzed and bearded man entered and sat down close to him. For a time they watched the crowd in silence through the Japanese curtains.

"I say," one said to the other at last, "I've just come from Africa and don't know a soul here."

"Same with me," the first replied promptly and pulled a card out of his pocket. "I'm invited to meet a silly ass named —."

The other man pulled a similar card out of his pocket. "That's my name," he said and grinned delightedly. "I'm invited to meet a silly ass named —."

"I'm that silly ass. Come out with me and have some supper."

And they went off arm in arm.

WASTING BREATH

"WHY not ask some one where we are?" suggested the wife of a motorist who was not quite certain of his road.

"What good would that be?" he answered. "Supposing we found out; five minutes from now we shan't be anywhere near here."

STRUCTO TOYS

PLEASE GIRLS AND BOYS



GIANT DUMP-TRUCK
MODEL No 14
STRUCTO-BUILDER
OUTFIT, \$11.99

Here's Fun and Interest for all Boys!

YOU can have a lot of fun building and running these wonderful toy Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors that are just like real machines. They have parts like big cars; frame, motor, gears, drive shaft, wheels, springs, body and other features. You build them yourself, bolting and screwing the parts together, and learn the principles of automotive construction. They run like real ones, too.

Some have regular "big car" sliding gear transmission and differential with two forward speeds and reverse. Others have direct shaft drive with gears on real axle. They all have powerful motors and run fine; and are beautifully finished, high quality toys that any fellow's dad will be glad to see him have. They come in Structo Auto-Builder Outfits as shown above with all parts, tools and full instructions.

And for smaller boys there are dandy Structo Ready-Built models that are ready to run when taken from their boxes. These, too, are wonderfully realistic toy models of real machines; strong, well made toys that stand hard play. There are ten models in all to choose from, priced from \$3.00 to \$11.00 each. Two of them are shown above and the boy is building another. Look for them when you go Christmas shopping. Be sure you see the name "STRUCTO TOYS" on the box; then you'll have an Automobile, Truck or Tractor that looks and runs just like a real one.

STRUCTO TOYS are sold in all toy stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct from factory on receipt of price.

STRUCTO MFG. CO.
114 Powell Avenue Freeport, Ill.



READY-BUILT ROADSTER
AUTO, MODEL No. 40
\$3.99



Beautiful Book Free to Boys and Girls

We want every boy and girl reader of Youth's Companion to have this handsome book. It is beautifully printed in colors and contains many illustrations of boys and girls enjoying themselves playing with Structo Toys, as well as large illustrations and full descriptions of the toys themselves. It is worth having as a picture book and we will send it free to you if you give us the name and address of the store where you buy your toys.

STRUCTO ART CRAFT LOOM for Home Weaving



The illustration pictures Loom No. 240; the larger size. This Loom is 15 in. long 13 in. high and 10 1/2 in. wide. It will weave fabric 8 in. wide and in an unlimited variety of beautiful designs. Price \$10.00.

No. 60 is a smaller size. It is 12 1/2 in. long; 13 in. high and 6 1/2 in. wide, and weaves fabric 4 in. wide. Price \$5.00.

Both Looms come complete with everything needed for operation; 5 yards Warp thread, shuttles, tools and instruction book.

A Wonderful Present for any Girl

—a present that will prove interesting and useful and enable any girl to take up the art of home weaving for pleasure or profit. Beautiful fabrics can be woven in fancy and plain colors from the pattern-charts and instructions furnished; and the weaver may also originate her own designs following school colors and emblems or any other motif. Silk, cotton, wool, linen or other yarn or thread may be used. The fashioning of these fabrics into hand-made articles for wear, home utility or gifts is a useful art in itself.

These Looms are thoroughly reliable and practical; yet so simple that they are easily understood and operated by the beginner. They are made entirely of metal, nicely finished and enameled, are light in weight, strong and sturdy. One would be an admirable present for any girl.

They are sold in Toy Shops wherever good toys are found and may be identified by the name "STRUCTO ART CRAFT LOOM" on the box and the Loom itself.



"HIS TWO BEST FRIENDS"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

Copyright 1922 by Cream of Wheat Company